DIVINE PASSIONS.

Piously and Pathetically expressed in three severall BOOKES.

Viz.

I. *Being a Dialogue between* Dives *and* Lazarus, *with the Authors Epigrams upon that Parable.*

II. *A Dialogue between the Prodigall Son, and the Pitifull Father, with Epigrams on that Parable also.*

III. *Contains first an Argument against Atheisme. Secondly, an admiration of Gods mercy towards mankinde. Thirdly, the care and cure of a wounded Conscience.*

VVritten and Composed for private Consolation, and now thought not unfit to be published to all, and presented to certaine worthy Persons of this Kingdome.

By *Edward Calver*, Gent.

LONDON, Printed by *T. H.* for *Richard Harper*, and are to be sold at his shop in *Smithfield*, 1643.

In laudem Authoris,

On his DIVINE PASSIONS.

CHrists Parables, were alwaies full of worth,
Which here in part thy pen hath wel set forth.
Dives and *Lazarus* well doe tipifie
We should not scorne our brothers poverty;
Confuting Atheists, thou Gods mercy prayseſt,
The wounded conscience thou both curſt & raiſeſt.
Thou shewſt a fathers passion, for a son,
That needs would from him prodigally run.
And in thy pleasant Epigrams we read
We all to God are prodigalls indeed:
Thy Booke hath so much Passion, that who heare
Thy Stories, muſt turne Prodigall of teares.

S. W.

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To the right Worſhipfull Sir *Dennor Strut*, Knight and Baronet, to the right Worſhipfull *William Hevenyngham* a worthy Member of the Honourable Houſe of Commons, to the Worſhipfull *Nicholas Bacon*, and *Henry North*, Juſtices of the Peace, to the Worthy *Thomas Baker*, *Nathaniel Thurſton*, and *John Bayles*, Eſquires, and to Mr. *John Mayhew*, &c.

NOble Knight, and Worſhipfull, and generous Gentlemen: *I being bound to ſome of you in the bonds of affinity, to all in affection, but above all in duty; I cannot but hold it my duty to proffer you the beſt of my endeavours, and for want of any thing worthy, I doe here preſent you my good will. I preſume not upon your Patronage, but only beg your acceptance; conſidering that if theſe my endeavours be worth the accepting, they ſhall need the leſſe aſſiſtance. But if any thing here brought forth be deformed, it is ſure moſt fit that he which begot it ſhould father it.*

The world, peradventure, may wonder that I draw ſo large a circle, and then turn it to a cypher: that I preſume to ſtamp ſo many worthy Names in the front of this my unworthy worke, and then ſpeake nothing of the worth of your worthy perſons in particular:

But let the world know that it is not for want of worth in your ſelves that I forbear the ſame for I doe ingenuouſly acknowledge I may juſtly draw your vertues into as large a Volume, as any other who have beene moſt copious in that kinde. But I, for my part, do hold it a labour little uſefull to paint over that to make it paſſe for currant, which doth ſhine moſt perfect in its owne colour. Beſides, I am reſolved your modeſt eares would be rather offended, then fed, with the ſound of your own prayſes though unfained.

But the chiefeſt aime of my deſires herein is to doe you ſome ſervice, not flatter for aſſiſtance. Therefore, if upon peruſall hereof (if your more ſerious imployments will admit the ſame) you ſhall reap any benefit, or at leaſt content, I ſhall, in this kind be ſufficiently ſatisfied. Only I deſire that upon your judicious view hereof, you would vouchſafe a favourable cenſure; of which I am the more confident, becauſe I know you cannot expect any thing poliſhed from a hand ſo uninſtructed. But not to be too full in a Preface, to too empty a Sequell, I implore your pardon, and deſire to be imploy'd, your Servant in all humility,

Edward Calver.

To the Curteous and Capable READER.

READ Curteous Reader, this is for thy ſake,
Through want of knowledge thou canſt not miſtake:
And as thou canſt not, ſo my truſt is built
Through want of charity thou never wilt.

Dives.

WHen I in nine moneths had through *Virgo* run,
That fruitfull signe, and then appear'd a Sun,
Such fates might from my birth have been collected
As if by noble *Jupiter* aspected.
So soon as born, I had indowments faire,
Not only born, but born my Fathers heire:
And eke with joy my fainting Mother smild,
Whose paines were turn'd to pleasure in her child.
Great preparation, with the greatest mirth,
Was duly made to celebrate my birth,
Where I received honour, with my name,
Grac'd by the greatest witnessing the same.
My parents joy, with comfort joyn'd was such,
No cost was spar'd, nor care was thought too much,
But all conduced readily to prove
My earthly blisse, decypherd from above.

Lazarus.

WOe, child of woe! of all the world a scorn,
Nothing but woe appear'd when I was born:
Disast'rous *Saturn*, did with *Mars* comply
To make me wretched by nativitie.
Born, onely born, that Natures care allowd me,
But being born had scarce a rag to shrowd me:
My silly Parents sighing for reliefe,
One cryd for help, the other wept for griefe.
Distressed Parents, who all comfort wanted,
Must, for my sake, have now no biding granted:
Prodigious babe! how could the world fore-see
I should a burden to her greatnesse be?
A wretched Infant in my mothers womb,
But far more wretched in the world become:
So base, yea so unworthy of a name
The meanest blush to witnesse me the same.

The

The Authors Epigram.

Most fatall starres, if starres may fates decree;
Or partiall fate if fates may granted be;
One swims, one sinckes, one hath enough and more,
Another nothing, begs from doore to doore.
The destinies on little Dives *smile:*
Poore Lazarus *by them destin'd to exile:*
Rich Matrons run when Dives *comes to birth;*
But cannot stir when Lazarus *should come forth.*
Dives *attended in his cradle lying:*
Pooore infant Lazarus *lies neglected crying:*
Dives, *his Parents dear and only joy:*
Lazarus, *his Parents object of annoy.*
Dives *hath dainties, is in purple drest:*
Lazarus *with cold, and hunger is opprest:*
Alas poore Lazarus *child of woe, indeed:*
Kind people take some pitty here is need.

Dives.

FOrth from my Nurse, as weary of her charmes,
I view'd the world, the world unclasp'd her armes,
And, as another Mother, or as kind,
Imbrac'd me, sought to satisfie my mind.
She set before me all her various joyes,
As well her jewels, as her wanton toyes,
Set open all her Cabinets of price,
And shew'd me all the pleasures might intice.
She plaid me musick, made me understand;
And gave me lovely *Venus* in my hand,
And when my tender spirits did decline,
She taught me to revive the same with wine.
Here I had heav'n, or pleasures did excell,
These suted with my youthfull nature well,
The world allur'd, my senses prov'd betray'd,
The world besieg'd my senses soon obey'd.

Lazarus.

VNtimely born, and brought up as untaught,
With neither wit, nor education fraught,
My friends full poore could little kindneſſe ſhew me,
My kindred none, or none at leaſt would know me.
But griping hunger forc'd me to intreat
The world ſome leave to labour for my meat,
For pity ſake unto me to aſſigne
Some meaneſt office, though to feed the ſwine.
But all in vaine, her greatneſſe did abhor me,
Had neither place, nor yet imployment for me,
But ſternly told me of my ſad ſubjection
To wofull ſtocking, whipping, and correction.
Whereat amaz'd I ſoone was ſtrucken mute,
Betwixt deſpair, and growing reſolute,
Unto the laſt bad counſell did intice,
Bad nature too; but grace reſtrained vice.

The Authors Epigram.

DEceitfull world, deciphering thy ſtate
Who can but erre? thou art unto the great
A flattering Syren, but unto the ſmall
A very ſavage cruell Caniball.
Thou dandl'ſt youthfull Dives *on thy knee*
Till with thy pleaſures he inchanted be,
But having got the thing which thou wouldſt have,
Thou mak'ſt him then thy moſt contented ſlave.
But if poor Lazarus *ſeekes to be imploy'd,*
Or ſues for aide, he is by thee deny'd,
Thou only cry'ſt he doth thy honour blemiſh,
Correct the raſcall, let the vermine famiſh.
Alas poore Lazarus *of the world excluded:*
Alas rich Dives *by the world deluded;*
Poore Lazarus *ſtarves his penurie is ſuch:*
Againe rich Dives *ſurfets with too much.*

Dives.

WHen as the world had given my will content,
Or I had given unto the world consent,
Her various beauties did me so inflame,
My very heart was ravisht with the same.
I freely drunk her pleasures with delight,
Whereof the more I drunk the more I might:
Her profits were unto my hot desire
But as more fuell to increase that fire.
Her greatnesse, with respect unto her honour,
Did, for preferment, make me wait upon her.
Her glories were so radiantly set forth,
I thought upon no other heav'n, but earth.
On earth I only did set up my stay,
I gave my sences and affections sway,
And having treasure which might long endure,
I in that harbour thought my selfe secure.

Lazarus.

MOst wretched creature, destitute of ayd,
Of all men loathed, and in limmes decay'd,
I could not worke, and therefore might not eat;
But griping hunger did inforce for meat.
Beg then I must, and so I did indeed,
I made the world acquainted with my need,
I made my greefe apparant, but alas!
I must be punish'd, for I had no passe.
Yet still I beg'd, as to that throldome ty'd,
Though oft upon my tender knees deny'd,
I cry'd for succour, and did shew my sores
Where people passed, and as rich men dores.
Thus, whiles I beg'd, I got a cliefe of some,
But without woful begging not a crumme;
High wayes and hedges were my shrouds by day,
By night full glad to shroud my selfe in hay.

The Authors Epigram.

Rich Dives *laughs, and doth in pleasures swim,*
As if they only were ordain'd for him.
Poore Lazarus *weeps, and makes this pitious mone,*
I drinke the sorrowes of the world alone.
Rich Dives *doth no earthly comfort misse,*
By birth much wealth, if not the world is his:
But silly Lazarus, *as it doth appeare,*
Is borne to beg, or borne to nothing heere.
Rich Dives *heere is master and commands*
Much force, if not too much, is in his hands:
Poore Lazarus *heere is but the scumme of all,*
Must stoope to meane men, downe to rich men fall.
Dives *hath friends, is spoken to most faire,*
Dives *the worlds owne darling, yea her heire:*
Lazarus *is only left, no love, no friend,*
Lazarus *is only loath'd, but marke the end.*

Lazarus.

COnsum'd with hunger, misery and care,
Decrep't with cold for want of rags to weare,
My pined corps, and panting heart for ayd
Began to languish, and my health decay'd.
With many sighes, in this my sad estate,
I got, at length, unto the rich mans gate,
Where, in my anguish, in my paine and griefe,
I hop'd for succour, and I beg'd reliefe.
I cal'd, I cry'd, and, as I durst, I knock'd:
But all in vaine, the rich mans gate was look'd:
No gate, no doores, no cares could open'd be:
His Curres did far more kindnes show then he.
Whereat my heart within my wretched breast
Was strucke as dead, yea with more death possest:
Thus left of man, all mercy me denying,
God, everliving, shew'd me mercy dying.

Dives.

WHat, am I struck with melancholy's dart?
Come earthly comforts, come revive my heart,
What have you lost your vertue, or your skill
Which wont to cure me? Oh! I yet am ill.
What desperate change is now in my disease?
That now offendeth which was wont to please;
My earthly pleasures, and my endlesse gaines
Doe now disquiet me, nor asswage my paines.
Come, make my will then of my wealth with speed,
For now I finde it failes me at my need;
And run to some Physitian with my state,
Some learned Doctor, for my paines are great.
Come Doctor, come, my sicke estate behold,
Come shew your learning, give some ease for gold,
Some present helpe unto my heart apply,
A world for life, helpe, helpe, alas, I dye.

The Authors Epigram.

IF Dives *surfets and grown sicke, is sad,*
No earthly aid is wanting can be had,
His friends abound; Physitians dare be bold
To strive sometimes beyond their rules for gold.
But wofull Lazarus *of the world neglected*
Lies sicke forsaken, harbourlesse, rejected,
No friends to cheer, no physicke for his good,
He surfets not, but rather sterves for food.
Rich Dives *now he feels unto his pain*
That all his wealth, yea all the world is vain,
When sicknesse comes their sweetnesse is but small,
When death their hony then converts to gall.
Poore Lazarus, *all his life time in distresse,*
Whose very face deciphers wretchednesse
When sicknesse comes it makes him death require,
When death it gives him what he doth desire.

Dives.

O Death most cruell! thou hast struck my heart:
O wretched body! thou and I must part:
Thou to a rotting resting place a while,
I to the ruefull dungeon of exile.
Thou now a carkaise, I a cursed soule,
Beset with fiends, which will have no controule;
Out of thy prison, now I see full cleare
Most ugly Divels as they are, appeare.
They seaze upon me with infernall spite,
They tell me I belong to them by right;
I have beene by them many yeeres imploy'd
Although they by me have not beene difery'd.
And therefore now I must with them away,
They long have wayted, but have now their prey;
They must unto proud Lucifer return
With me, that monster doth in fury burne.

Lazarus.

LOng wish'd for day, most welcome death to me,
Which sets me thus from all my sufferings free:
My wither'd corps now rest, in hope to rise,
My weary'd soul is now on wing, and flies.
Most happy change! how is my chance amended?
On earth cast out, with Angels now attended,
Who all my life did succour me distrest,
And now at death will carry me to rest.
In soule I meane, which from my body freed,
Now viewes those Angels as they are indeed,
Which sight excels all earthly joyes as far
As doth the Sun, the most inferiour Star.
Which glorious spirits, with delight inspir'd,
To see my soule thus out of thrall retir'd,
Doe in their fiery chariots now of love
Thus, in my spirit, carry me above.

The Authors Epigram.

HEere I must change addition given before,
Rich Lazarus now, Rich Dives now no more:
Rich Lazarus now hath more then earth can grant,
Poore Dives now in miserable want.
Rich Lazarus now with Angels is delighted,
Poore Dives now with Divels is affrighted.
Lazarus in peace of conscience doth excell,
Dives in conscience hath a very hell.
Rich Lazarus mounts with Angels him attending,
Poore Dives now with Divels is descending,
Heaven hath for Lazarus long prepared bin
Hell gapes for Dives, and he enters in.
Lazarus receiv'd with love, delight, and joy,
Dives with deadly horrour and annoy:
Lazarus to have his saved soule contented;
Dives to have his damned soule tormented.

Dives,

OH! cursed, cursed, most accursed soule,
Where am I now? what fiends are these that howl?
They seize upon me, they torment me sore,
I shrike with anguish, they in fury rore.
In earths deep centers darke and dreadfull cell,
Where only angry damned spirits dwell
In grossest darknes, yet my sight so cleer
Most hidious visions to the same appear.
In hell, indeed, where I endure that curse,
Which shall not cease, but be heerafter worse,
In fire infernall, out of measure hot,
Which ever burns, and yet consumeth not.
I rave, I curse, and I accuse my fate,
As if such torments were unjust, too great:
But conscience nips me with, not so: I cries
To kill that worme, but oh! it will not die.

Lazarus.

OH! blessed, blessed, oh, my soule most blest!
In Abrahams bosome, yea in Angels rest;
A Heavenly mansion, made by God, most good,
Made mine by Jesus, purchas'd by his blood.
In heav'n, indeed, where I behold no sight
But only heav'nly objects of delight;
Nor heare I ought that doth offend; but heere
All praysesfing, and Allelujas heare.
No darknes heer, I still have perfect day,
No sorrowes heere, all tears are wip'd away;
No meannesse heere, I match with Kings above;
No hatred here, but I have perfect love.
Heere I have rest which never shall decrease,
Heere I have pleasures which shall never cease;
Heere I have riches which shall never rust,
Heere I injoy the portion of the just.

The Authors Epigram.

POore Dives *now within that fiery lake*
In hell doth yell, most piteous dolour make,
He sees the fire, although it gives no light,
The divels too, though in perpetuall night.
Rich Lazarus *now hath rest which shall indure,*
In heav'n, where only harbour is secure:
Views Man in Christ, and Christ in God, which sight
Is the most heav'nly object of delight.
Poore Dives *now is desperate indeed,*
His roaring conscience makes his soule to bleed,
The fiends, againe, do rage the faster, why?
To make him silent; no, the louder cry.
Rich Lazarus *now is blest above measure,*
Hath heav'n for glory, happinesse for treasure,
Yea double happy, he in heaven abides,
And in his conscience hath a heav'n besides.

Dives.

Dives.

MOst curſed ſoule, with Divels now in chaynes,
I feele not only hells infernall paines,
But alſo have a hell within my ſpirit
For loſſe of heav'n, which Saints above inherit.
Damn'd ſoule, I curſe, but cannot God accuſe,
He proffer'd grace, but I did grace refuſe;
He often touch'd my conſcience with a nip
Which ſtill I ſmother'd, or in vaine let ſlip.
He ſent his ſervants, yea his only Sonne,
Who ſtill did wooe, but I would not be woon,
He gave me riches to relieve the poore,
Whom I neglected, or diſdain'd the more.
But now I am for evermore reiected,
No meanes of mercy now to be expected,
But fiery fiends muſt pay me now my due
Without remorſe, who would no mercy ſhew.

Lazarus.

MOſt happy ſoule now from corruption free'd,
Which in my body was corrupt indeed,
I then (yea I, for now I doe confeſſe
Within my ſoule) was then with ſin diſtreſt.
My earthly body as a maſſe of mire,
Or dirty clay, pollluted my deſire,
Depraved Nature, with corrupted ſenſe
Seduc'd my will, abus'd intelligence.
Yea infinite allurements unto ſin,
The world without, the wicked one within,
All join'd in one, a very hoſt, indeed,
To race my Towrs, which were alas, but Reed.
But God, who ſtill deſcendeth from above,
Did looke upon my wealc eſtate, in love,
And in his Sonne, accepting what I wanted,
Where power I had not, there he pardon granted.

The

The Authors Epigram.

IF Adams *Seed be still the same by birth,*
Or Dives *yet hath brethren upon earth;*
Here let them heare him in his soule complaine
For losse of what they yet have time to gaine.
If men distrest remaine in sorrows striving,
Or saved Lazarus *yet hath seed surviving,*
Here let them in their sorrows overflown,
Behold his joy, and in his joy their owne.
Dives *as in an Ocean, did abound*
In earthly joyes, wherein he swimming, drown'd;
Lazarus, *as in a channell with his oare,*
Was crost, and tost, and yet got safe to shoare.
Dives *had warnings of a future night,*
But present joyes put future cares to flight;
Lazarus, *with present miseries opprest,*
Was soon incited to insuing rest.

Dives.

COnfounded soule, when I was found in earth
I lost my selfe, but most of all my worth,
Nay I could very hardly then disery
That man had any such a thing as I.
The curious cob-web of my body twin'd,
Wherein I, out of sight, was out of minde,
Was then the object that I counted dear,
Because, in deed, that only did appear.
That, that I pamper'd with the choisest cates,
And deck'd with jewels of the highest rates;
And that so fully my affections sway'd,
That I, who therein should have rul'd, obey'd.
But now poore soule, I see thee, as thou art,
A power immortall, once the better part,
I see the worth wherein thou wert infus'd,
And to what end, but all, alas, abus'd.

Lazarus.

Lazarus.

MOst happy soule, thus out of thraldome risen,
Thou in the body wert indeed, in prison,
That house of clay wherein thou wert inclos'd,
Confin'd thy power, and made thee ill dispos'd.
Thou, in some motion to the better things,
Wouldst then have hover'd, but that held thy wings:
Thou then didst see, but then thy sight, alas,
Prov'd much deceitfull, looking through that glasse.
But now, my soule, thy nimble sight is clear,
Thou as thou art, dost to thy selfe appear,
A jewell most inestimable, such
As doth in worth exceed the world by much.
Pure in thy selfe, and pure in thy desire,
With Angels equall, and shall yet be higher,
In present joy, and art inspir'd with some
Sweet speculations of more joyes to come.

The Authors Epigram.

DIves *in hell, confounded at his state,*
Now sees his folly's, when it is too late,
Confesseth too with most outragious cries
What, whiles he liv'd the world might not surmise.
Alas poore Dives *heaven hath now deni'd thee,*
The world which was thy joy, doth now deride thee,
Unhappy Dives, *how art thou undone?*
Thy soule is lost, and yet no world is won.
Thrice happy Lazarus, *who in sorrows tost,*
Hast gain'd what Dives *in his pleasures lost,*
Hast heav'n, where thou art ravished with mirth;
Dives *hath neither joy in heav'n, nor earth.*
If sorrows here foretell such future gain,
Or present pleasures such ensuing pain,
Why strive we here in pleasures to excell,
Or count distresse and sorrows here a hell?

Dives.

THrice wretched, yea most wretched soule am I,
Wretched? yea, wretched, drown'd in misery.
Drown'd? yea and bound in that infernall pit
Which hath no bottome, yea more wretched yet.
Not only bound, but bound in chaines, a yoke
Perpetuall too, which never shall be broke.
Never? what never, without end, or date?
Oh! this word never makes me desperate.
Desperate, indeed, no hope for me remaines,
I am in hell in everlasting chaines.
This purgatory I am in, indeed,
Am in, 'tis true, but out cannot be freed.
Hence to redeeme me men may be at cost,
But all in vaine and to no purpose lost.
Here intercessions dirges are too late,
Mans love is vaine, where God above doth hate.

Lazarus.

THrice happy soule am I, what happy thrise?
Yea infinitely, in a Paradise
Eternall in the heavens; oh best of all,
And yet more happy, where I cannot fall.
No Serpent here to tempt me to rebell,
I have a place from whence that Serpent fell;
No aple here whereby I can be try'd,
No choice offends where nothing is deny'd.
Nor can I now in my affections stray,
Corruption hence is purged clean away,
And with the Angels which have ever stood,
I, freed from ill, am now confirm'd in good.
I now, indeed, am from all danger free,
I cannot sin, then cannot punish'd be;
I now am happy beyond end, or weight,
And therefore happy beyond all conceit.

The Authors Epigram.

DIves *in hell now suffers for that sin*
Which we on earth doe take our pleasure in:
Dives *in soule is with his sin tormented,*
We in the body are with sin contented.
Dives *in soule contemplates his hard fate,*
We in the body ponder not our state.
Dives *in hell, as desperate, must indure;*
We upon earth are desperately secure.
Lazarus *in heaven contemnes all earthly toyes:*
We upon earth regard not heavenly joyes.
Lazarus *in soule, now freed from earth hath rest:*
We in the body thinke that the aldome best.
Lazarus *in soule hath now no fault to mend:*
We in the body nothing but offend.
Lazarus *in heaven hath now no care to make:*
We upon earth have our accounts to make.

Dives.

DIstressed soule, my miseries indeed
Are out of measure, yet must more exceed:
Distressed soule, what punished by art?
Thus fully tortur'd, and yet but in part?
I in my soule am hellishly distrest,
While my corrupted carkasse is at rest,
But that and I ere long must meet againe,
Not to assuage, but to increase my paine.
Unhappy soule, was I, indeed, the first
That did offend, that I am punish'd worst?
I am in hell, the body yet seems free,
Did I pollute the body, or that me?
But this is sure, both were created good,
And in that state (wherein we might have stood)
The Apple was unto the eye presented,
But I unto the eating it consented.

Lazarus.

I Happy I, who once was wretched heel'd
Am now in soule in that Elysian field
Mear heaven, celestiall Paradise; where I,
In boundlesse pleasures, greater to disery.
I, happy I, have many years in joy'd
What pleasures may be, from the body void;
Which freedome might have justly been reputed
A comfort when the body was polluted.
But when the body shall new formed be,
And made immortall from corruption free,
Shall to me, by the hand of the Creator,
Be joyn'd againe, my joy shall then be greater.
My present joyes are infinite, yet some
Of them in hope, which hopes shall then become;
All hop'd for pleasures then shall be supply'd;
The new form'd Bridegroome have his reform'd bride.

The Authors Epigram.

Most happy Lazarus, how art thou crown'd?
How wers thy sad and patient suffering crown'd
With ample, yea with infinite victories?
And shalt have yet a greater weight of glories.
Thou in thy body wert an earth distrest:
Thou in thy soule art now in heaven at rest:
Thou in thy soule and body joyn'd againe,
With Saints made perfect, shalt triumphant reigne.
Vnhappy Dives, thou hast done thy mirth,
Thou in the body hadst thy heaven on earth,
But now thy spirit, from the body freed,
Doth finde its selfe heavy hell indeed.
Thou in the body only lost thy ease:
To make the body [illegible]
But on thy soule, and time to come unheedfull,
Thy state in both is [illegible]

Dives.

MOst wretched I, besides the woes I have,
Methinks I heare my bones within my grave,
(As troubl'd with some fatall Trumpets found)
Begin to shake and shiver in the ground.
Disquieted bones why rest you not as rotten?
Why are you not eternally forgotten?
What awfull power, or dreadfull earthquake rather
Is this which wakes, and shakes you thus together?
But can the bones consumed into dust
Restored be? Yes wofull yes, they must,
Both bones, and flesh are but in earth refin'd,
They must together once againe be joyn'd.
Oh! how have I offended? is not death
Of body for the body condign wrath?
And hell sufficient for the soules reward?
No, no, there is a sentence yet more hard.

Lazarus.

MOst blessed I, what joyes have I in store?
How out of measure can they yet be more?
Yes, joyfull yes, I yet more joyes shall finde
When once my body to my soule be joyn'd.
When that, long-look'd for, act is to be done,
How shall my flesh and bones together run,
And, by the rising of that Lambe was slaine,
Have power infused to stand up again.
Then from the sad sepulchre of anoy,
How shall I but lift up my head with joy?
And in the body deeply ravish'd be
Thus from that prison set for ever free?
Besides, my body which now rests in peace,
Shall then from all corruption have release,
And like a Bridegroom ready trim'd, to me,
The bride for ever shall new marri'd be.

The Authors Epigram.

OH, Dives, Dives, *thou on earth hadst store,*
Hadst all things in abundance, no man more:
But, when thy sleep be slept, dost understand
Thou shalt awake with nothing in thy hand.
Oh! whither would thy soule then take her flight
To keep out of the body if it might?
How would it rather forth the body dwell,
Then in the body feel another hell.
But Lazarus *thou shalt then come forth with joy,*
Thou in the world hadst nothing but annoy;
But when that day of restitution comes,
Thou shalt have plenty, Dives *not the crums.*
Thy body which in rags was bound up here,
Shall then in most celestiall robes appear,
Thy soule therewith much ravish'd and delighted,
Shall in much pleasure, be thereto united.

Dives.

TIs true indeed, yea too to true, alas,
(As Scripture speaks, which alwaies comes to passe)
It is decre'd for all men once to dye,
But were that all, more happy then were I.
But oh! this sentence is not here confin'd,
The soule and body must againe be joyn'd,
The soule from hell, the body from its tombe,
And after death, must unto judgement come.
Confounded wretch, how shall I then subsist?
Which if I might not, I the more were blest,
But yet I must, alas, I must appear,
But with what face, alas I tremble here.
I in the body made of sin a sport,
I in the body then must answer for't:
The Judge of all will justly then define
Whether his wayes were equalest, or mine.

Lazarus.

OH! blessed body, though a while in prison,
How will the soule take pleasure in thee risen?
And how againe, will thy delights increase
When as the soule returns to thee in peace?
How like the Turtle sent out of the Arke
After the flood returning to that Barke
With signes of joy, shalt thou my soule my Dove,
Be in that day, return'd with signes of love?
How shall my late dry scattered bones up stand,
When thou thus bringst a pardon in thy hand?
Yea with what comfort shall I be inspir'd
When thus my corps is from the grave retir'd?
Nay with what courage shall I then appear,
What joy, when my redemption draweth near?
What tongue on earth is able to expresse
What joy in conscience I shall then possesse?

The Authors Epigram.

MOst fond, yea most infatuated we
Have ears and heare not, eyes and will not see
Or else how could we, whilst we here remaine,
So blinded be in things which are so plain?
How could we else, like men whom charms benum,
Be so unfeeling of the chance to come
To not observe, like men most sure to die,
What Dives *lost, what* Lazarus *gain'd thereby.*
Here who but Dives *had the cap and knee?*
Here who came forth with greater pompe then he?
But lo! hereafter, dead, and cold again,
Alas he comes forth trembling in a chain.
But blessed Lazarus, *who was here a scorn,*
As out of time, or most untimely born
Shall, when the dead are summon'd from the grave,
Come forth with comfort, then most honour have.

Dives.

Dives.

OH! dreadfull, dreadfull, in what dreadfull terrours
Am I in hell tormented with my errours?
By only meditating on that horrour
My soule shall be in when the judge sends for her.
But with what feare shall I be then possest,
The feare of which doth thus my soule molest,
When I at last shall feel the thing I feare,
Shall rise you dead, and come to judgement here?
How like a prisoner in a chaine at last
Shall I stand forth to heare my sentence past?
How like a most condemned wretch? alas,
I am condemned ere the sentence passe.
My conscience, which once counterfeited sleep,
Now in my soule a restlesse court doth keep,
And then shall make a Register come forth
Worse then a thousand witnesses on earth.

Lazarus.

WHat joyes are these which now so neer approch?
Divinest thoughts, may you thereon incroach?
Incroach? Oh! seise thereon, be not deter'd,
They were for me before the world prepar'd.
For me? what me, who beg'd from door to door?
And in my selfe, am to my selfe as poore,
Have neither birth, nor worth in me whereby
So mean a wretch should challenge joyes so high.
Yet see, and wonder! to these joyes divine
I have such right, that they by right are mine:
God did prepare, Christ purchas'd, I by faith
Receive them due, thus imputation saith.
But oh! my sins are great, but that's no let,
In purchasing my joy, Christ paid my debt.
But I must give account that's yet to make,
But He that paid my debt, my count must take.

The

The Authors Epigram.

OH! happy Lazarus, how maist thou stand sure?
How swimst thou in a sea of joyes secure?
Thy debt is paid, which was out of measure,
And paying that hath purchas'd thee a treasure.
What needst thou shake then at a Judgement day?
Or of accounts, who hast no debts to pay?
Or why shouldst fear the Judges face to see
When as the Judge shall thy redeemer be?
But wretched Dives, *wretched sure indeed,*
Thou hast a bundle so fearfull bill to read,
Wherein thy debt is manifest and clear,
No crossing there, no cancelling appear.
There was a time, but now that time is lost,
Wherein thou might'st have set thy reckoning crost:
How wilt thou answer to the Judge of heaven?
Thou canst not pay, nor canst thou be forgiven.

Dives.

MOst wofull I, who now in wofull ruine,
In hell still muse of greater woes ensuing;
One woe doth another woe foreshew,
Woe, endlesse woe, my foresight is too true.
My woes againe are yet as to begin,
Wretch, I have yet to answer for my sin,
Where my indictment must be found indeed,
Before a Judge too, who will not be feed.
A Judge whose mercy I would not imbrace:
Where mercy moves not, justice must take place:
A Judge who once cry'd gently come away;
But thou shalt to me, goe you cursed fay.
How will those Angells and those Saints abhor me
Which I abus'd, once seeking to doe for me?
How will those divells which I once obey'd,
Then cry my wages shall be duly paid?

Lazarus.

YEe Cherubins and Seraphim, divine,
Come aid me with your tongues, or teach you mine,
That, in some measure, I may so expresse
My present joy in future happinesse.
My joy conceiv'd of my Redemption day
When I shall meet my Saviour in the way,
Where I shall blesse the houre that I was borne,
When all the kind'reds of the earth shall mourn.
When earth, and all the burden on the same
Shall burne unto that nothing whence they came:
The skies shall melt, the stars, the sunne, the moone
Shall join to make perpetuall night, at noone.
When, out of heav'n, the Judge of all, most true,
Shall come downe riding on the clouds, in view,
To bind the Divels, and the damned down:
How sweetly shall He smile on me? not frown.

The Authors Epigram.

MOst lambe-like Lazarus, *thou shalt be set by,*
Thy blood is not requir'd, thou shalt not dye:
When sacrifice for ever shall remaine
In hell for sin, the goats shall then be slaine.
Thou heer wert famish'd, when the goats did feed,
Their hearts were cherish'd, when thy heart did bleed,
But, when they shall be sever'd from the sheep,
Thou shalt rejoice, but they shall howle and weep.
But goat-like Dives, thou shalt pay full deer,
For eating up the sheep's allowance heer,
When they shall scape, thy blood shall then be shed,
Thou wert but for a day of slaughter fed.
Fond man, who heer would'st have the upper hand,
Must on the left at heav'ns tribunall stand,
And heare the Judge this sentence on thee passe,
Goe, curs'ed goat, my sheep must have the grasse.

Dives.

Dives.

OH I wretched I, what ſhall of me become
When wretched, Gods ye curſed, be my doome?
How ſhall my ſoule and body both affrighted,
Then curſe the howr they were again united?
Then in what glory ſhall thoſe Saints appeare
At whom, proud aſſe, I once did flout and jeere?
How ſhall their bleſſing then increaſe my curſe?
My conſcience for abuſing of them, worſe.
How ſhall the Divels then with fury driven
Seaze me for hell, thus ſentenc'd out of heav'n?
And on me with much inſultation rage;
As if my torments might their owne aſſwage.
Then, with the hideous howling herd of hell,
I ſhall be thrown down to that dreadfull cell,
Where we in flames, which never faile, ſhall burne;
From whence we never, never, ſhall returne.

Lazarus.

HOw ſhall I prize thoſe words to me expreſt
Oh! Come thou bleſſed, enter thou my reſt?
Sweet meditations, heav'nly joyes in heart,
Theſe thoughts, indeed, are very heav'n in part.
How ſhall I then, who once was moſt debas'd,
Be, with much glory, on the right hand plac'd?
And ſit with Angels, and with Saints, to ſee
The bad condemned, and the good ſet free.
How ſhall I thence aſcend up far above
When my Redeemer ſhall his Court remove?
When Saints ſhall ſing, and Angels ſhall rejoyce,
How ſhall we mount up with a merry noyſe?
How juſtly then ſhall Jeſus wear the crown,
He having put all adverſaries down?
How lowd in heav'n ſhall I his prayſes ſing,
There grac'd to wait upon ſo great a King?

The Authors Epigram.

ONce silly Lazarus, *now a Saint at rest,*
Ere long a judge, at last a son most blest:
Who could have seen when thou wert upon earth
That thou hadst in thee any signe of worth?

When Kings and great men shall be in despaire
At the great Sessions holden in the ayre,
There thou shalt in Commission sit: and thence
Ascend far higher with the highest Prince.

But once rich Dives, *now poore* Dives *nam'd,*
Ere long arraign'd, at last for ever damn'd:
Who would have thought when thou wert in thy pride,
That robes of purple could such ruines hide?

When Saints, which here thou mad'st to mourne, shall sing
At heavens Assises, then thy hands shall wring,
And to the mountaines and the hils complaine
To fall, and hide thee; but alas, in vaine.

Dives.

TOrmented wretch, might I remaine in hell
Only in foule tormented it were well,
Well, though in woes which cannot be expreſt,
Yet, to the woes which are to come a reſt.

But oh! my body, wherein earth now lying
Is as but in a furnace purifying
Till it be such (when it is fully try'd)
As may for ever burning flames abide.

That must I game my woefull foule ingage,
Which burning prison shall my foule inrage,
The one unto the other adding fuell
The angry divells evermore most cruell.

Oh! *Adam, Adam,* why forgot it thou this?
When thou for ever might it have liv'd in blisse?
When thou on earth in Paradise didst dwell,
Thou thought it not then on a perpetuall hell.

Lazarus.

NOw happy? yea now heavenly I: and sure
'Tis only that makes happinesse secure;
When once my body from the grave be freed,
How shall I then be comforted indeed?
When my bleſt soule and body both united
Shall reigne in heaven, how shall I be delighted?
How shall I here be fully satisfi'd,
Where pleasant streames of endlesse pleasure glide?
One joy doth here another joy begin;
Increase of joyes makes joy increase therein.
Here from one fountaine rivers do distill,
Where Saints and Angels ever drinke their fill.
Here are those riches which all wants supply,
Because they alwayes fully satisfie:
Here are those joyes which are for ever crown'd;
Here nothing else but joy is to be found.

The Authors Epigram.

LAzarus, Thy soule shall downe ere long retire
To give thy body motion to mount higher.
Most swiftly soaring on thy Eagle wings
From earth to heaven unto the King of Kings.
How highly there shall heavenly Angels place thee?
How sweetly there shall fellow Saints imbrace thee?
How welcome there shall Christ thy Saviour make thee?
How pleasing there shall God the Father take thee?
But with thee Dives *thus it shall not be,*
The clean contrary shall be true in thee,
When thou in soule and body shalt be cast
Into that gaping cave of hell at last.
How eager shall the divels then be on thee?
How gastly shall the damned gaze upon thee?
What outward tortours shall thou feel within?
What endlesse torments shall thou then begin?

Dives.

OH! savage senses, brutish appetites,
In sensuall pleasure was your choice delights:
Your rage was only ruler in my heart,
You did command my understanding part.
Yea in my little Microcosmus, vaine,
Did like so many heathen Princes reigne:
The world, and all things in the world at will
Were yours, and yet you unsufficed still.
Thus all that world could not suffice my lust,
The divells therefore in another must;
My appetites, which there did so excell,
Shall here be gorg'd with infinites in hell.
Each severall sense which could not there be cloy'd,
Shall here be fed till it would food avoid:
Only the difference that shall then appear,
There fed with pleasures, but with torments here.

Lazarus.

THe outward senses, which to some are those
Where at they drink in rivers of repose:
Were unto me but Conduit-pipes of care
To let in floods of misery and feare.
My senses, and my appetites I grant,
Did often gape and hunger in my want,
But, for the most part, hunger'd in despaire,
Or fed on troubles, and infected ayre.
But when my body here above shall reigne
My senses shall not covet here in vaine,
Each severall sense, and secret appetite
Shall here be fed with fulnesse of delight.
Here is that banquet, which delight each taste:
Here is that oyle, which drawne on doth not waste:
Here are those cates, once figur'd in a sheet:
Here is that manna which is ever sweet.

The Authors Epigram.

THus purblinde we on earth may partly see
What plagues in hell prepared be,
That seeing those we so may have a care
To kill sin heer, it be not punish'd there.

Thus, sinfull we, whose sinnes, or soules must die,
Our sinnes heer, or our soules eternally,
May labour heer to put our sinnes to death,
Our tender soules may scape eternall wrath.

And thus, again, when we have got, like men,
Some manly conquest over beastly sin,
We may with comfort view those joyes on high,
Where men shall live, that make their sinnes to die.

Thus we of all may rightly make good use,
Fore-sight of danger oft prevents abuse:
And where the prize is glorious to behold,
It makes the dullest enterpriser bold.

Divet.

MY sense of taste was upon earth that Cooke
Within whose Kitchin I most pleasure tooke.
And when its sacrifice was on the fire,
I offer'd up my earnestest desire.

This sug'red sense, or rather savage beast,
Which oft devour'd, when I could not digest,
Which still cri'd kill, let sacrifice be saine;
And drunk down liquor as the earth doth raine.

This idoll sense, shall one day have its fill,
When soule and body 's sacrific'd in hell,
Where fiery fiends are cooks for ever killing,
And Divels tapsters, diligent in filling.

Which cookes with scorching shall my throat inflame
Those tapsters powre down sulphur in the same;
My soule with torments tortur'd for my sin,
Shall curse, blaspheme, and roar, and rave within.

Lazarus.

Lazarus.

MY sense of taste, or taste of sense, indeed,
Because I was most sensible of need:
Requir'd on earth no cooke at all, because
Still griping hunger gave my meat a sawce.
Yea, I full oft was glad if I had meat,
Yea glad of that which others scorn'd to eat,
Yea glad of crums, yea often driven to fast,
And glad to smell the meat I might not taste.
But when I in my body shall be grac'd
To sit in heaven where none but Saints are plac'd,
And, at most sacred invitations given,
Shall taste the Supper of the Lambe in heaven.
My taste shall then in relishing be skil'd,
And, with each sweet distinguished, be fill'd:
Yea taste the sweetnesse of those streames of bloud,
Those heavenly Fountaines, which on earth were shed.

The Authors Epigram.

DIves *on earth with delicates was fil'd:*
We taste all dainties that the earth can yeeld:
Dives *did in excesse of liquor sin:*
We tun down barrels, drown our selves therein.
Dives, *thus drinking, thought not on the poore:*
We are so drunken we forget them more:
Dives *in hell must therefore suffer need,*
Yea hellish woes: then how shall we be freed?
But once poore Lazarus, *who on earth distrest,*
Was both with hunger, and with thirst opprest,
Yet in his conscience then injoy'd that feast
In which we famish, or much fast at least,
He now in heaven already hath that store
We never tasted, and shall yet have more:
For which he sought: to which we make no haste:
For which he long'd: in which we feel no taste.

Dives.

Dives.

MY ſenſe of ſmelling which was once ſo nice,
Each ſtincke offended it, but ſtincking vice;
I ſtopt my noſtrils, and I ſhut my doores,
To ſhut out *Lazarus* with his ſelf red ſores.
Which ayrie ſenſe refreſh'd my other powers,
By ſweet perfumes, and odoriferous flowers,
Extracting thence ſuch ſavours of delight
As fed that moſt attractive appetite.
This ſenſe in the infecting fogs of hell
Shall ſuck moſt deadly ſavours by the ſmell,
And, ſtead of flowers, and ſweet perfuming, ſhall
Be fed with fumes of ſulphur boild in gall.
Beſides, the loathſome ſavours in this den
Of plagued, poyſon'd, and tormented men,
The ſtincke of fiends, and divells unto me
Is now moſt groſſe, and ſhall more grievous be.

Lazarus.

MY ſmelling did on earth ſome comfort give,
When I was fore'd Camelian like to live:
But ſweet perfumes and powders vainly ſpent
Made me not proud, to make the world a ſcent.
Barns, ſtyes, and ſtables, and full glad of thoſe,
Were my perfumed lodgings of repoſe:
My empty ſtomack of this ſenſe annoy'd:
My ſtincking ſores my empty ſtomack cloy'd.
But when my body ſhall exalted be
To reigne in heaven, from all corruption free,
Where all things are moſt ſweet and purely try'd;
This ſenſe ſhall then be ſweetly ſatisfi'd.
This ſenſe ſhall then have the preheminence,
Made, of the five, the moſt reviving ſenſe;
If ſenſes then ſuch inſtruments ſhall prove,
By ſucking in ſome living ayre above.

The Authors Epigram.

If Dives *now could but those dainties smell*
He tasted here he would give thanks in Hell:
We taste like dainties double, if not thrice,
And yet ungratefull in a Paradise.
But Dives, *who here thought not at his board*
Of God, hath now what Divels will afford:
We oft forget both God, and eke our selves,
Then what hereafter can we looke for else?
If Lazarus *were on earth againe, no doubt,*
He would but of our sweetest odoures flout:
We, with our seeming sug'red sweets in love,
Are but in jest with sweetest joyes above.
Lazarus *did wisely send up, ere he went,*
His suits as incense, which now yeeld him sent:
We, if we will not of the like despair,
Must send up first a savour sweet by prayer.

Dives.

MY sense of feeling, which on earth was that
I nurs'd most gently, as a tender brat,
No care was lacking to preserve that sense
From the sustaining of the least offence.
This sense forsooth, might not endure the winde,
I little felt the smart in any kinde,
Of want, of woe, of sicknesse, or of sin,
Within my selfe, much lesse in other men.
But when my soule ascending on a chaine,
Shall fetch my body hither from the slaine,
I here in hell shall in that tender part
Be most tormented, feel the greatest smart.
My body here fast bound in fetters lying,
Shall tortur'd be in flames of sulphur frying:
My soule most fully then shall feel the sting
Of sin, that serpent in my conscience wring.

Lazarus.

ERe I was borne, within my mothers wombe
My ſenſe of feeling ſuffer'd in that tombe,
And only, ſadly, comming forth that cage,
I in that part did firſt ſalute earths ſtage.

And in that part I panted out my breath,
Till I was taken off that ſtage by death:
A wretched life inſu'd a painfull birth,
Moſt wretched, painfull Tragedy on earth.

But, as my ſoule, which was on earth diſtreſt,
Is now in heaven, return'd unto its reſt.
So ſhall my body breaking ope its grave,
Aſcend up hither from that ſilent cave.

Where it ſhall feel no hunger, cold nor ſmart,
But heavenly fulneſſe, and content of heart:
My feeling ſenſe to make its fulneſſe meaſure,
Shall here be only ſenſible of pleaſure.

The Authors Epigram.

LAzarus *was here moſt patient in diſtreſſe:*
We murmure, yea ſeem often mad in leſſe:
Lazarus *was not here with his ſin diquieted:*
We feel not that, or are with that delighted.

But Lazarus *now doth feel his ſoule at reſt:*
Our ſoules, alas, not yet with ſin diſtreſt:
But would we finde what Lazarus *now doth feel,*
Our hearts muſt firſt be gentle here, not ſteel.

Dives *here might not feel the leaſt annoy,*
But Dives *he had there for here his joy.*
If here we feel not penitentiall griefe
We ſhall feel deſp'rate with the damned theefe.

But Dives *in his feeling ſenſe in hell*
Is now moſt plagu'd, which plagues ſhall yet ſwell,
If we here make that tender ſenſe our god,
It will in hell be our moſt tort'ring rod.

Diues.

MY sense of hearing which was once most nimble
To heare each *Syrens* sugred tongue dissemble,
Each sound of pleasure, musick sweet, and worse,
Hells language, people swear, blaspeme and curse.
But when the cry of *Lazarus* full of care,
Did pierce the heavens, it could not make me heare:
Nor could those voyces sent from heaven, by preaching
Repent, repent, awake me with their teaching.
This sense in hell, instead of musicke sweet,
When all the damned shall together meet,
Shall be compell'd to heare me helpe to make
A cry in hell would make the earth to shake.
We desp'rate creatures roaring in hells flame:
The damned dwells raging in the same:
Gods voice of justice like most hideous thunder,
Above us with his vengeance boyling under.

Lazarus.

MY hearing sense I once did exercise
With the sad eccheos of my childrens cries,
My beating heart was in my bosome stung
To heare those infants cry for food so young:
Besides the sad heart-breakings at the doore
Of rich men, rating of my children poore,
With churlish checks, and threats of further griefe,
Instead of yeelding comfort or relieefe.
This sense in heaven shall no such language heare,
But come you blessed, kindest welcomes there.
No churlish motions ever shall repell
My suits there granted, *Diues* is in hell.
This sense in heaven to musick shall attend
Which earthly senses can not apprehend,
For ever ravish'd with those glorious Three,
To heare how sweetly they in one agree.

The

The Authors Epigram.

DIves *deny'd what* Lazarus *beg'd in want:*
Dives *now beg's, what* Lazarus *must not grant.*
Impartiall Justice, dost thy hand so guide
One drop of water may not fall beside?
Then why are we so in our hearing gull'd
With the fond false enchantments of the world?
To stop our eares when poore men aske? and know
We must not beg, if we will not bestow.
Dives, *in hell, is now with horrour fill'd:*
Lazarus *hath musicke what the heav'ns can yield:*
Dives *henceforth shall never hear of joy:*
Lazarus *shall never hear the least annoy.*
Let Dives *then our daily warning be,*
He once had musicke, mirth as sweet as we:
And, wisely working on examples given,
Let Lazarus *now allure our eares to heaven.*

Dives.

MY eyes which once as windowes did appear,
Through which the worlds polluted face seem'd
By which false view my most fond heart became (cleer;
To fall in love most deeply with the same.
The world, indeed, did so my wits surprise,
Its moale-hills seem'd huge mountaines in mine eies:
But to this casement sense of mine, alas,
Heav'n seem'd a mote: oh I most deceitfull glasse.
But these same eyes shall so wide open'd be
In hell, that I shall heer be forc'd to see
How they were once deluded; and confesse
Heav'n is the mountain, earth a moale, or lesse.
Besides, my sight shall be tormented most
In hell, beholding hells infernall host:
Where I for ever, one of them, shall view
How ugly fiends shall use that hidious crew.

Lazarus.

MY ſenſe of ſight which in me, as the Sun
Doth to the world, did ſhew me what was done;
This ſenſe, moſt cleer, when I on earth indur'd,
Was clouded moſt by ſtormes of tears obſcur'd.
And how could I forbeare ſuch ſhowers, to ſee
The world in robes, and none but rags for me?
The world in pleaſure, I in paine and griefe?
The world in plenty, I without reliefe?
But this my ſenſe, or thoſe my very eyes,
Reſtor'd my body when it ſhall ariſe,
Above all clouds, ſhall from eccliplſe be free'd,
All tears ſhall then be wip'd away indeed.
Then I ſhall in my body both behold
My body more reſplendent made then gold:
And ever view that heav'nly viſion ſweet
Wherein conjoin'd all heav'nly joyes doe meet.

The Authors Epigram.

LAzarus *on earth, by earthly ſorrowes driven*
To loath the earth, did lift his eyes to heav'n:
We upon earth, by earthly joyes inchanted,
Conceive no other, heav'nly are not wanted.
Lazarus *in heav'n doth now injoy that mirth,*
Which unto heav'n he look'd for, upon earth:
Our eyes aſleep, with earthly beauties lul'd,
Loſe the Creator, by the creature gul'd.
Dives *on earth, with earthly Saints in love,*
Look'd not for objects fairer far above:
If we here living, looke not having ſight,
For heaven, we dying ſhall not then have light.
But Dives *now his curſed ſoule acquaints*
In hell with ſuch as here he made his Saints:
If we hereafter better mates require
We muſt looke here to get acquaintance higher.

The

The Authors Petition to the Throne of Grace.

Divinest powers, thus by your aid inspir'd,
My restlesse muse with quenchlesse sparkles fir'd,
Dosts through the world, each fragrant garden views;
And plucks those flowers she thinks most fit to use.
Thus safely mounted on her hovering wings,
I taste some sweetnesse of those higher springs
Which from the pipes of sacred fountaines flow,
By oddes more pleasant then the streams below.
Thus whiles the doter upon earthy toyes,
Delights in trifles, or more earthly joyes;
My thoughts are towring, not downe stooping here,
I take my pleasure in a higher sphere.
Thus, whiles the worldling night and day is tost
To gain that wealth which must againe be lost:
I reap such gaine as theeves cannot betray,
Nor time, nor fate, nor tyrants take away.
Thus I of wealth in poverty may vant
Of mentall wealth, though otherwise in want:
But oh! you Authors of divinest thrift,
Doe you inrich me with some further gift.
Thus leave me not, but give me power to strive
To reach a strain beyond contemplative;
Oh, teach my heart, doe that in temper bring
To strike more fully on the practique string.
Thus give me power that I my selfe may tread
Those active measures I my selfe have made,
That what I proffer to the publicke view,
May in my selfe be secretly found true.
Not thus with sweets fill others hands with posies,
And in my bosome cankers stead of Roses;
Not by my lines thus limit out a way
For others steps, and run my selfe astray.

But

But make my action such, as in some part,
May give some life to my unpolished art,
That these my labours so may fruitfull be,
If not to others, yet at least to me;
And others, by that concord sweet invited,
Shall with the musicke be at least delighted.

THE

THE PRODIGALL SONNE, AND THE PITTIFVLL FATHER.

The second Booke.

The prodigall Son.

MY restles thoughts what move you thus to rome?
Why rest you not? what would you doe from
What doth incite you? have you found some prey (home?
Worth your adventure, that you needs would stray?
Yes, yes, rich treasures are abroad no doubt,
My straggling thoughts have found some Jewels out.
But I am tender; travels rough; and yet
My skill but small, for travels much unfit.
But wherefore should I thus restraine my will?
I have my portion, that shall purchase skill;
Discreetest Fathers do not much deny
We yonger Brothers should our fortunes try.
Besides my sailes thus fil'd with motion strong,
Most sweet companions do intice along
With earnest proffers of an equall share
In treasures, pleasures, and contentments rare.

The [illegible] Father.

[illegible] Son, my Son, who art to me so neer,
And whom I tender as a child most dear,
What worme is crept into thy troubled head?
Or by what serpent art become misled?
Whither my child, oh whither would'st thou go?
What is the reason thou would'st leave me so?
Dost thou suppose it is no griefe to me
Thus of a Son to disregarded be?
Alas my Son, thou art too yong indeed
To make a venture upon such dangers dreed,
What favour canst thou looke to find in lands
Most strange to thee, and at meere strangers hands?
Strange lands, and people, and from me as far
As Egypt is, or Sodoms people were,
Where thou shalt find thy hopes but mock'd gaine, trust,
For freedome bondage, and for fruit but dust.

The

The Authors Epigram.

MOst sinfull sons, rebellions we below;
If that a son such disobedience shew,
A son too by the woman that is free,
How desperate must the seed of Hagar be?
Too venturous children, from our Father stray
To make our selves unto our foes a prey,
Our sin a monster, but our grace a brat,
And yet we will be prodigall of that.
Our tender Father, who best knows our frame;
Our weaknesse, sees, and warns us of the same,
We are so wilfull, though most weak, indeed,
That we will trust unto our strength, that reed.
Our Father sees what snares abroad are laying;
And therefore seeks to keep us in from straying;
We, by the worlds alluring wiles mistooke,
Suck down the bait, suspecting not the hook.

The prodigall Son.

VVHat shall I doe? my Fathers head doth shake
Against the course I goe about to take,
But doth he see occasion of such care,
Is there such danger, and I see no snare?
Fathers I know are fearfull, and indeed,
Are oft more fearfull in this case then need,
But that is out of tendernesse and love,
Which sons must therefore suffer, not reprove.
But I have found my tender Father kinde,
And unto pity ever much inclinde,
And though I some forbidden pleasure take
He will not punish for compassions sake.
Besides my youthfull blooming years are such
As doe by nature chalenge freedome much,
Fly then my thoughts, and seise upon such prey
As shall admit you pleasure in your way.

The pitifull Father.

MY tender son, I see thy tempted heart,
I see therein how thou distemper'd art,
What forces fight, and enemies perswade
Against thy little weake resistance made.
I moan thy case, and in a fathers care
I curb thy foes, and with thy weaknesse beare,
Yea though they sometimes in thee doe remove
All filiall feare, yet I have fathers love.
But oh, my son doe not my love abuse,
That was the fault of the forsaken Jewes:
Be thou not like the spider in his looms,
Suck thou not poyson from these hony combs.
Because thou seest my tendernesse is great
More apt to grant, then thou art to intreat,
Let that not breed presumption in thy minde,
Not fault thee more because that I am kinde.

The Authors Epigram.

MOst tender Father gentle God, indeed,
Whose matchlesse love doth mothers love exceed,
How sweetly sing'st thou with most nursing charmes
To keep thy children quieted in thy armes?
How loath art thou to let us off thy hand,
Because thou seest our backwardnesse to stand,
And, when we weake and heedlesse babes are downe,
Thou tak'st us up, bemoan'st our fals, not frowne.
Shall we be won then with meer toyes, or worse,
Out of the armes of such a tender nurse?
Toyes proffer'd too by strangers, and our foes,
Allure us from this bosome of repose?
Or yet more fond, shall we our selves defile
Because our nurse will wash away the soile?
Or, worst of all, forsake our loving guide
Our God, because we finde him stow to chide?

The prodigall Son.

NO doubt but fathers in affection burn,
Heat of affection into flames will turne,
From whence full oft, though often more then needs,
The quenchlesse sparkes of jealousie proceeds.
This tender care I ought not to forget,
Nor will, I hope, in any thing is fit,
But sometimes pearles in fathers eyes appear
But dim, which are to yonger eyes most clear.
Those youthfull beauties, objects to the eye,
Which aged fathers cannot well discry:
Could they but view them as they are, no doubt
They would not curbe us but'd thereabout.
Sweet beauties, faces fairer then the Sun,
Where stars, like chrystall, too and fro doe run,
Whence sparkes, like Fayries, fether such a dart
As flies, and hits, inflames and burns my heart.

The pitifull Father.

DEluded infant wilt thou be thus cheated?
My tender son wilt thou not be intreated?
Wilt thou, oh wilt thou stop thy ears unto
Thy tender Father, listen to thy foe?
Can fading beauty, like a bait, intice
Thee from thy Father, and all good advice?
Can a meer colour, and of all most fading,
Be in thy bosome most of all perswading?
My wanton son tis thou art weak of sight,
Thy infant eyes cannot discerne aright,
Thou dot'st on shells, but dost the curnell lose,
Thou leav'st the substance, dost the shadow chuse.
But stubborne childe, although thou stop'st thy ears
At my perswasions, yet regard my tears,
Let not a fainting carefull Father weep
Over a sullen careleese son asleep.

The Authors Epigram.

O H gracious Father, can thy care do such?
Oh gracelesse children can we erre so much?
Canst thou lament, when we in mirth are mad?
Can we be merry when thou art so sad?
Wilt thou pursue us when we from thee run?
Wilt thou thus woe when we will not be won?
Shall we forsake thee, who in love pursues?
Shall we with scorne thy tender care abuse?
Oh ignorant children, and most apt to fall,
How earnest is our carefull Fathers call?
And yet we stray, as if we were so young
We did not know our tender Fathers tongue.
But thou our Shepheard who dost still behold
Thy silly sheep thus straying from thy fold,
Forsake us not thus, in our way mistook,
But bring us back, though it be by thy hooke.

The prodigall Son.

YOu my companions, my associates sweet,
Who with most courtly kinde imbraces greet,
With whom I count my selfe at home and best,
By whom my fancies are become possest.
What shall I doe? oh doe your answer frame,
My carefull Father doth my courses blame,
He would perswade me you doe but delude,
And that such pleasures will with griefe conclude.
But sweet contentments, is it so indeed?
Doe you betray me, will you fail at need?
Oh tell me truly, doe you but beguile?
Thus make me frown d on, only for a smile?
Sweet voice, me thinks I heare you answer no,
You have no purpose to delude me so,
You will be constant, and I yet shall finde
Increase of pleasure, greater joyes behinde.

The pitifull Father.

DIstressed Father, just as Scriptures tell,
I brought up children, and they now rebell;
I gave them being nurs'd them up, and loe,
They turne their backs as soon as they can goe.
The savage suckling, when his feet he feels,
Against his breeder can but turne his heels.
But none so savage nature never frames,
Such Monsters as do quite reject their dames.
But thou my child, with whom I grieve to chide,
For whom I have all means of pity try'd,
To whom hath given a portion may suffice,
On whom hath labour'd that thou might'st be wise.
Wilt thou revolt, art thou so simple grown,
To seek for wisdome, having lost thine owne,
At strangers counsell? and besides, of those
Which are meer cheaters, and thy chiefest foes?

The Author's Epigram.

MOst sad relation! from the savage dad
True births appear: but monsterous sons of men?
Of men? oh most depraved natures rod:
But what is this then, monsterous sons of God?
Most holy Father, from whose streams we know
The least corruption can not ever flow:
How canst thou looke down as a Father wilde,
Upon such sons thus by our selves defil'd?
Defil'd, indeed, we must be so reputed,
How can we chuse who joyne with the polluted?
The finest piece doth soonest take a staine,
The fairest colour shewes a scar most plaine.
But why doe we so low polluted ly?
And can derive a pedigree so high?
Meer beasts doe not beneath their nature fall:
Can we be most degenerate of all?

The

The prodigall Son.

WEll, I must travell, I must crosse the Seas;
My awfull father is too hard to please.
His age so much civility requires
That he forgets what tender youth desires.
Perhaps if I were further off imploy'd
My Father would be nearer pacifi'd,
Or at the least wise then his frequent checks
Should not my youthfull disposition vex.
Come then companions let us get on boord
Whiles tyde doth opportunity afford,
And safely sally on the Ocean flood,
With sailes all spreading, whiles the winds are good.
That we, thus surgd on *Neptunes* billows, soon
May passe through those dominions of the Moon,
Arriving at those Indian banks of treasure,
The shoares of sweet security and pleasure.

The pitifull Father.

VNhappy childe, now what means all this speed?
What, art for Turfus? wilt thou flee indeed,
Wilt thou be so deluded? art so blinde,
Canst thou forsake thy Father in this kinde?
Oh, how have I offended thee my son?
What wrong, or what unkindnesse have I done?
Or rather what most fatherly endeavour
Have I left undone to protect thee ever?
Only with gentle admonitions due,
Drawne from the center of affection true,
I labour'd to reduce thee in thy way
Who art thus subject to be led astray.
Remember *Jonah* in the raging deep
When once he was awaked out of sleep,
How was his soule tormented with the woe
His wilfull straying then had brought him to?

The Authors Epigram.

MOst loving Father, doſt thou thus perſwade
Poore duſt and aſhes which thy hands have made?
Doſt thou thus draw us with thy cords of love,
Who might'ſt moſt juſtly with a rod reprove?
Thou with one touch canſt crumble downe this frame,
Our waxe of clay to ruſtiſh, whence they came,
And in an inſtant utterly ſubvert
The moſt rebellious caſtle of the heart.
Shall we poore children then, who cannot ſtand
Reſiſt thy juſt and fatherly command,
Thy gracious will moſt willingly reſiſt,
Who at thy will can ſcourge us as thou liſt?
Nay yet more heavy, when thou ſeem'ſt to hide
Thy grievous rod, nay grieve it that thou muſt chide:
Shall we then for that plaſter make a ſore,
Becauſe thou favour'ſt we offend the more?

The prodigall Son.

MOſt pleaſant courſe (oh with what winged motion
On this indented pavement of the Ocean,
Glide we along? Or rather ſwiftly run,
As mounted in the chariots of the Sun.
Succeſſive ſure, no expectation fails,
Moſt proſp'rous windes doe fill our lofty ſails:
The ayre is gentle, and our veſſell ſtrong,
All promiſing a happy ſhoare ere long.
A happy ſhoare indeed, oh ſee, behold,
Are yonder not the hills where men dig gold?
Sure eyes the ſame; let downe your plumets, ſound,
The banks appeare where pleaſures do abound.
Come then ſome skilfull Pilot with your oares
And tole us in unto your happy ſhoares,
Your flowry banks ſufficiently declare
What ſweet contentments in your confines are.

The pitifull Father.

FOrsaken Father! is my son on float?
Now whither will he in his cockle boat?
What fatall winde doth now thus constant wait
To transport such a transpossessed fraight?
Unhappy voyage, it must needs be so
Where head-strong will doth heedlesse master go:
The ship, the shell of reasons fraile fore-cast:
Fond sense the sailes, and most proud flesh the mast.
The seas, the streams of sensuall pleasures flowing:
The winds untam'd affections strongly blowing:
False *Syrens* charm'd security, the calme:
Blind judgement Pilot; Satan steers the helme.
The haven where to this vessell makes this speed
Is hells owne channell, though not hell indeed:
The seeming pleasures which are thence accruing
Conclude in sorrow, if not utter ruine.

The Authors Epigram.

MOst prudent Father, who dost thus disclose
The subtile malice of our secret foes,
Our inbred traitors, joyn'd with Satans force
To hale us on in a rebellious course.
How justly might'st thou in our straying leave us?
Or over-boord with straying Jonah *heave us?*
And make us, who will here not hear thy call,
Cry out unto thee in the boyling Whale?
Oh foolish children, yea inchanted we
Who, in this danger, will no danger see,
But rather doe endeavour, yea devise
To cherish these our chiefest enemies.
Our wils are stubborne; and we will resist:
Our reason blinded, and we love the mist:
Our hearts unjust, and we delight deceit:
Our eyes are wanton, and we lay a bait.

The prodigall Son.

MOst pleasant borders! where am I on shore?
Your sands are silver, banks are golden oare:
The gates within your marble wals are those
Which open to the gardens of repose.
No other sure then Paradice below,
See heere what various fruits of pleasure grow,
How full with clusters doth the tender vine
About the trees of golden Apples twine?
Under whose shadowes, as most pleasant bowers,
Doth safely sit the choice of beauties flowers,
Whose sweet perfumes, and colours of delight
To highest raptures of content invite.
Are Edens pleasures greater, or so much?
Most pretious fruits, may I presume to touch?
Your lovely beauties do with smiles expresse
Your gentle natures will afford no lesse.

The pitifull Father.

DEluded child, of judgement thus depriv'd,
And duty voyd, where art thou now arriv'd?
Just on the banks of flowing Nilus cast,
Where thou shalt woefull bondage find at last.
Those grapes thou dot'st on yield but dreggs of wine,
Wheron thou drinking mak'st thy selfe a swine:
Those golden Apples but the Serpents baite,
Which proffer pleasure, but performe deceit.
Those blazing beauties, which thou think'st such stars,
Are but meere flames to brand thy soule with scars;
Those flowers of pleasure, which do so perswade,
Intice to ruine, and most quickly fade.
Those freedomes which thou dost presume on there
Are under *Pharaoh*, or the King of Sear,
Whose fairest speech, and sweetest smiles, are all
But nets to draw thee to perpetuall thrall.

The Authors Epigram.

FOr seeing Father, who dost thus discerne
Thy children in fellice, and dost thus sore-mourne,
How justly art thou in thy justice fired
If mercy will not move us to take heed?
Can, can a Father seeing in this kinde
Have children which are altogether blinde?
No, no, we from thee do derive such light
As can by no means be extinguisht quite.
What then, oh what thus so obscures those raies,
We grope in darknesse thus at high-noon dayes?
Surely, oh surely it comes thus to passe
Our eyes, those casements, are inchanted glasse.
Through which we are deluded in our sight,
Or else our understanding is not right:
Both sure abus'd, our judgement is defeated
By sense, our sense by false appearance cheated.

The prodigall Son.

FAint heart, what fail'st? canst thou dejected be?
Revive thy spirits, pleasures here are free,
Seest thou not how they flourish in this Ile,
As if they would intice thee with a smile?
When sweet contentment no desire restraines
Shalt thou be bashfull? give desire the raines:
Thou sit'st as Queen within my tender breast,
What fate shall then thy awfull sway arrest?
Call home thy thoughts then which are gone astray,
Rouze thy affections, here is richest prey,
And let it in this Paradise be seen
By thy attendance that thou art a Queen.
A Queen: then thou may'st question-lesse command,
No subject may a Soveraigne pow'r withstand,
Then like a Princesse keep thy face in awe,
And take thy pleasure, pride thy will thy law.

The pitifull Father.

SAd Father I thus inforced to bewray
A sons rebellion, running thus astray:
Can you suppose I without griefe can see,
Or tell these sorrows? no it cannot be.
He now may thinke he being now remote,
He now unseen may set his sheil on float,
Let loose affection, and unlimit will,
But I with sorrow do behold him still.
I see the bondage of his better part,
By giving power unto his wanton heart:
I see the thraldomes of his heart beside
By making of his stubborne will its guide.
I see how vain the worthlesse pleasures be
For which he gives away his heart from me,
I see how those his pleasures doe deprave him
In those indowments I his Father gave him.

The Authors Epigram.

MOst gentle Father, tender hearted God,
What mother like thee could for bear the rod?
Thou dost in bowels of compassion yern,
When we run from thee, and will not returne.
Shall we then, desperate we, without remorse,
Run headlong still in a rebellious course?
Can any childe those pearly drops despise
Who sees the tears stand in his fathers eyes?
Oh sensles creatures, silly children right
Who, having got out of our fathers sight,
Doe thinke our selves then most secure, when we,
Poore infants, then in greatest danger be.
In greatest danger, it must needs be so,
When we lye open to the greatest foe,
The heavy sequels are full sad, bewraying
The woefull dangers of a wilfull straying.

The prodigall Son.

YOu flowing pleasures, which like streames distill
From purest fountaines, let me drinke my fill.
I tast your sweetnes and it gives delight,
Oh let me fully take my appetite.
Your taste reviveth more then Phæbus beames;
How happy is he bathes him in these streames?
These streames, which so refresheth with a tast:
Here let me swim, or let me wade at least.
Sweet currents! viewing of whose flowing tide,
Sits glorious Flora in her blooming pride,
About whose beds of roses fresh and greene,
Sits beauties Nimphs attiring with their Queen.
Is here not heaven? or Paradice below,
The garden where the fruits of pleasure grow?
And these the Angels, or the Saints most dear,
Which I should honour, if not worship here?

The pitifull Father.

PRodigious sure! had ever father child
Became so vain, unnaturall, defil'd?
My Son hath now no thought at all of me,
He quite forgets how tender Parents be?
But can a childes forgetfullnesse be such?
And Parents never-resting care so much?
My heart is heavy, and my hands I wring,
His heart is merry, he doth laugh and sing.
Nay yet more desperat, he doth now indeavour
To leave me quite, to cast me off for ever;
And will have new affinity, new Father,
New gods, indeed, or cursed Idols rather.
Oh most perverse! shall I with favour yet
Remember him who doth me thus forget?
Can sparks from such a quenched coale revive?
Abused patience thus for ever strive?

The

The Authors Epigram.

MOst constant Father, who art still most stable,
Though by thy children be most variable,
Wert thou, like us, to restles change inclind,
There were no hope that we should pardon find.
But howsoever we, unto our shame,
Are still transported, thou art still the same:
But can we careles children be declind,
Thus from a Father thus for ever kind?
Thus kind indeed, when we offend he grieves,
When we do want, he presently releeves,
Nay when we urge him to revoke his will,
He then takes pity and is patient still.
Most gracious Father, but most graceles we,
Shall such a Father without honour be?
Shall we for ever thus his patience urge?
Most tender Fathers may be forc'd to scourge.

The Prodigall Son.

MY raviſh'd thoughts here take your full in pleaſure,
For here is fulneſſe, here is ample meaſure,
Here nothing wants, here nothing is reſtrain'd,
No coynes found, nor kindnes ſhown diſdain'd.
Here beauty burniſh'd in virmilion glowes,
Whoſe beams dart lightning from moſt youthful browes:
Oh let me take the comfort of this fire,
Theſe flames conſume not, but do feed deſire.
Moſt pretious jewels, what rare prize is here?
Such pearles as theſe cannot be bought too deer;
Shall I be ſparing of a little droſſe
To purchaſe jewels? oh it were too groſſe.
Cheer then my thoughts, and uſher in content,
What gives more courage then a free conſent?
The prey is certain, be but you on wing,
Such pleaſant paſtime fits our cheerfull ſpring.

The pitifull Father.

DEluded child whose heart is gon a stray,
Needs must his fences then be led away:
For this must by necessity appear
The fountaine foule, the streame cannot be cleer.

Are all my gentle admonitions vaine?
My teares too fruitlesse, will no meanes restraine,
But yet unmoved, but rebellious still?
Rebellion is like witchcraft, or more ill.

What shall I do, who have thus kindly done,
Shall I be forced to reject a Son,
And with more sorrow quite forsake in fine,
A Son so neer and naturally mine?

Oh what a burden doth a Father beare?
To what a straite am I inforc'd with care?
To lose a member is a griefe, but sure
To lose a Son what Father can indure?

The Authors Epigram.

MOst tender Father, pitifullest mourner:
Most stubborne we whom pity make the worse:
Thou sooth'st and singst us, proffer'st us the brest:
We turne, we spurne, and froward fly resist.

Thou seek'st with patience to recleime us still:
We seeke the meanes to have our froward will:
Thou shak'st thy rod, but shak'st to give a stroke:
We shake not but thy shaking hand provoke.

Thy heart is moved at our desperat course:
Our hearts unmoved, are without remorse:
Thou sighing saist must I reject a Son?
We laugh, and sing, and further from thee run.

Kind Father must thou thus keepe nature lawes?
And can no love no bridle hold our jawes?
Wert thou not certaine in thy love begun,
Uncertaine we were certainly undone.

The

The prodigall Son.

OH Sweet! what rare felicity is here?
Where nought offends, where all things fit appear?
Where natures shop, full furnisht with supply,
Stands alwaies open to the passers by.
My thoughts what thinke you of these streames so cleere?
My senses can you not suck hony here?
Affections can you here not feed desire,
And with contentment to the heart retire?
Here are the beds where sweetest roses grow:
Here are the bancks where purest streames do flow:
Here are the only instruments of mirth:
Here are the only jewels upon earth.
My stragling thoughts then here set up your stay,
My striving senses seek no richer prey:
Affections here your fancies may be quieted:
My tender heart then rest thou here delighted.

The pitifull Father.

DIsquieted, yea discourag'd Father; what
All duty, yea humanity forgot?
Are all those neere relations now exil'd,
Betweene the tender parent and the child?
Transformed children may become thus strange,
But Parents love is not so apt to change:
Although my Son can with his Father part,
Yet this word Son comes neer my tender heart.
Oh careles child, a very child indeed,
But children will be childish without heed:
But Parents are by laws of justice tide,
If fair meanes faile to use the rod, and chide.
Then let me leave no meanes unsought to gain,
A child thus lost, though faire meanes be in vain,
And chiding fruitlesse, yet his stubborn heart
Will yeeld, it may be, when he feeles it smart.

The Authors Epigram.

HArd hearts of ours, where nothing will indint,
At least no faire meanes, but are like the flint
Whose fire wil by no gentle blowing burn,
But ſtruck with force will into ſparkles turn.
Is there ſuch marble in our boſomes hoſt'd
As muſt be hamer'd, or it will not yeeld?
Or in the ſame ſuch Adamant indeed,
As cannot be diſſolved till we bleed?
Oh thou moſt skilfull Alchymiſt of all,
Who canſt extract pure hony out of gall:
Oh make thy knowledge here be underſtood,
Diſſolve this ſtone, thou haſt the only blood.
But were the hardnes of our hearts ſo great
They would not ſoften; yet thou canſt create;
Then either do thy art of working ſhew
In melting theſe, or making of them new.

The prodigall Son.

FAir Phæbus, nights darke ſhut in ſhop adorning
By ſetting ope the windowes of the morning,
What glorious objects dreſt againſt I riſe
Prepar'ſt thou to ſalute my waking eies?
Reſplendent beauties which do ſhine ſo bright,
Got from beneath the Canopie of night;
Vouchſafe a bleſſing from your lips, which may
Fore-tell ſucceſſe for the ſucceeding day.
You almoſt Angels, may I not adore you?
Let no diſpleaſure draw a vaile before you;
Your piercing beauties, like Cupids pow'rfull dart,
Shot through mine eies, not wound, but warm my heart.
But what begin you to withdraw your rayes,
As though black fate envy'd my happy dayes?
Accurſt be the occaſion that ſhall throw'd
Such Sunsby day, ſuch beauties in a cloud.

The

The pitifull Father.

OH what an endles travell is our care
When children borne, are yet againe to bear?
When we welformd have brought them forth, they then
Transforme to monsters, when they should be men?
From which prodigious nature to reduce,
Or change those formes made naturall by use,
We finde more hard and tedious then the smart
Of first producing, and more neer the heart.
So soone as forth the potters hand, they fall,
Oh feeble clay which cannot stand at all:
And being down have no desire to rise,
But sleep, like swine, in most polluted ties.
But can a child of mine thus blinded keep?
Or shall I let him thus for ever sleep?
No, let me rather with the rod reprove
Correction, sometimes, doth make way for love.

The Authors Epigram.

OH foolish children, why are we thus idle?
Why give we thus our vain desires the bridle?
Our fancies fond with shadows thus fulfill,
To lose the substance of our Fathers will.
Can we account a Fathers kindnes slight
Who doth thus tender-fatherly invite?
Or shall we prize his patrimony poore
Who to bestow hath infinit in store?
No, no, we cannot but confesse tis known
Our Fathers love doth far exceed our own:
His portions laid up for each child a part,
Ten thousand times exceed each childs desert.
What then can move us to neglect so much
A Father tender, having riches such?
Who labours thus unto us to convey
A state which never, never shall decay?

The prodigall Son.

OH what a cloud is this which doth appeare?
Which darkens thus my day which was so cleer?
Can such a sun-shine be obscur'd so soone?
Shall night incroch upon my day at noone?
Late smiling fate beginst thou now to frown,
As if thou didst intend to throw me down?
Dost thou, who seem'd so sure, begin to reele,
Wilt thou in, thy displeasure, turne thy wheele?
Oh you my pleasures and contentments sweet,
Which did with such most kind imbraces greet,
Will you now fold, your late unfolded armes,
Becoming churlish, who bewitch'd with charmes?
But you faire faces, natures choycest art,
Whose tender beauties shew a gentle heart,
Can you prove cruell? do you too seeme nice?
Will you reiect now, who did late intice?

The pitifull Father.

HArke, harke, me thinks I heare my strayed Son
Begins to lose the pleasure he had won.
Those painted outsides of delight begin
To let him see they are deceit within.
Deceit indeed which is but made to shine
With the meer drosse and refuse of good coyne,
Which worthlesse gilding being worne away,
It shewes how painted shadowes do betray.
My blinded child doth now begin to view
Those pleasures false, he once accounted true,
And, to his shame and sorrow may conclude
They did but at the best, but delude.
But let them mock, and more deride him yet,
Him thus befooling, they may teach more wit,
He on them hath so deeply let his love,
It will not without violence remove.

The Authors Epigram.

OH blinded reason, and corrupted stain
Of once pure nature, now exceeding vain:
Can we rest captive in this base subjection?
Thus live in thraldome to untam'd affection?
We read of strangers and meer bondmen too
Who conquer'd passion could that wonder do:
And shall we children, and by birth made free,
In bondage thus to brutish passion be?
But shall we then take pleasure in this thrall?
And count it sweetest liberty of all?
And will not without violence be freed?
Oh this is sordid slavery indeed.
And yet these are the heavy chaines we beare,
We, gon astray, are taken in this snare;
Within which mill, we, by deceit made blind,
Do, like most grosse contented Asses grind.

The prodigall Son.

BUt you the objects of my youthfull joy,
Who thus would try me by your being coy,
You have my heart; then do not thus persist,
But smile againe, you need not be in jeast.
The fountaine of my love doth overflow
Which jeasted at will quickly jealous grow;
Then be not coy, but smile, and coole that smart
Before it workes combustion in my heart.
But what still frowne you? and yet answer no?
Can you thus leave me, will you gull me so?
Have I prefer'd you above heav'n, oh vaine,
And will you now requite me with disdaine?
You that have pluck'd the blossomes of my youth,
Will you with falshood now requite my truth?
You that have suck'd my fountaine of supply,
Can you now scorne me, having suck'd it dry?

The pitifull Father.

SO, so, my Son doth now begin to prove
Those courses vaine I told him of in love:
He thought my counsell then might slighted be,
But now he findes, what I did then fore-see.
Rash headed youth, presuming on their skill,
Will take their course, against their parents will;
As if they thought their wisedomes were the best;
Who, silly soules, with folly are possest.
My Son upon my Fatherly advice
Did turn his back, as too severe, or nice:
But now he doth, to his confusion, find
That Fathers see, when foolish Sons are blind.
But as he left me, and would have his will,
So let me let him strugle with it still;
No meanes doth more reclaime a child resisting
Then to be whip'd with cords of his own twisting.

The Authors Epigram.

OH thou our God, and Father too, most just,
Who gav'st us all our being out of dust,
And having fram'd us by thy matchles skill,
Dost like a Father nurse, and feed us still.
How full of wonder finde we all thy deeds?
And yet thy kindnesse most of all exceeds,
How could'st thou else so full of pitty be
To children so undutifull as we?
Thou canst give quailes if we stand need of meat,
And thereby too canst teach us how to eate,
And, when we have the baits of pleasure took
Canst thereby curb us, when we feele the hook.
Oh thou who canst bring day thus out of night,
And make our shadowes vanish, with the light:
Make thou, who thus discover'st all deceit,
The hooke appeare, before we take the bait.

The prodigall Son.

OH moſt unhappy miſerable wretch,
Whom moſt falſe joyes moſt deeply did bewitch.
Falſe joyes, indeed, I may moſt truly ſay,
Which did but ſmile upon me to betray.
Thoſe my companions who, when I had ſtore,
I made moſt, now mock me being poore:
My late full cheekes, which were delighted in,
Proud beauty ſcornes, by ſickneſs now made thin.
Moſt deſperat wretch, to whom ſhall I betake me?
When thoſe I thought my deareſt friends forſake me?
And curſed pleaſures I may call them ſo,
Which thus, in fine, take pleaſure in my woe.
I now want food, who food abus'd of late,
Which want, with ſickneſſe, doth my ſtrength abate:
Diſtreſſed creature, thus inforc'd in fine
To want the huſks which are beſtow'd on ſwine.

The pitifull Father.

THere, there my rod, begins my child to bleed?
It is not matter, make it ſmart indeed.
And yet, I truſt, thy ſtroaks may be the leſſe
Becauſe he is already in diſtreſſe:
Nor can I thus return him his deſert,
And reſt my ſelfe unfeeling of the ſmart,
For (howſoever I might be in mood)
I would not give one ſtroak but for his good.
But he hath been unruly, make him tame,
And make him, likewiſe, to confeſſe the ſame:
Yet be not rough, though he hath badly done,
He is, though a rebellious, yet a Son.
But oh, he hath forgot his Father quite;
But oh, that was but childiſh overſight:
Yet touch him till he thinke on me again,
That yerk, I know will not be given in vain.

The

The Authors Epigram.

MEere Prodigalls! we muſt that title graunt,
Who in our plenty never thinke of want,
But winde up from the Ciſtern of our ſtore
Till, ſilly Aſſes we can wind no more.

But when we find by making of this ſpeed,
Our buckets doe come empty up at need,
We then can ſee, but not till then, alas,
What too raſh drawing brings too ſoone to paſſe.

Then, then, when it is almoſt then too late,
We can accuſe our courſes, curſe our fate,
And curſe thoſe pleaſures, cauſes of our care,
Which once we thought the only joyes that were.

But oh, how watchfull is our Fathers eye
To make a vertue of neceſſitie?
Who, when we fooles have thus our ſelves undone,
Doth, like a Father, there by call a Son.

The prodigall Son.

ALL wanton youth take warning by my woes,
And ſee in me the fumme of Vaine repoſe,
Which, like a bud froſtbitten ere it bloomes,
Appeares, but unto no perfection comes.
All earthly pleaſures are but like a bubble,
Straight turn to nothing, which were rais'd with trouble:
The faireſt faces ſoonest change their dye,
The ſweeteſt charmers are moſt apt to lye.
Thus, mov'd with ſorrowes, I may tell the ſame,
And make the world take notice of my ſhame:
But, till I had experience of this woe,
No meanes could make me think it would be ſo.
But now I think upon my Father here,
Whoſe fore-ſight now I find exceeding cleere,
He often told me, and with many a teare,
What would befall, but then I would not heare.

The pitifull Father.

HArk, hark again, what voyce is this I heare,
Is this which makes ſuch muſick in my eare?
Which thus tunes Father, hath my Son that ſtrain,
Is he reſtor'd unto that life again?
He which, indeed, was dead and bury'd deep
In grave-like groſſe ſecurity aſleep:
Hath that loſt child the name of Father found?
Can he that heav'n awaking trumpet ſound?
And can I ſtop my eare then to his voice,
Where at the heav'ns inhabitants rejoyce?
Reject an infant calling upon me
That am his Father, no it cannot be?
Nor can he be more ready to declare
His wants in calling then I am to heare:
Though I, indeed, might juſtly make him ſteep
His eyes in teares, who would not ſee me weep.

The Authors Epigram.

MOſt carefull Father, but moſt careles we
Who are moſt blind in what thou doſt fore-ſee:
Thou knowſt our folly: we will truſt our skill:
Thou wouldſt direct us: we will have our will:
Thou ſeeſt our danger: we are therein blind:
Thou doſt bemoane us: we are not ſo kind:
Thou ſtill giv'ſt warning: ſtill we give no eare:
Thou doſt allure us: but we will not heare.
Thou ſhew'ſt the rod; we at ſuch ſhadowes ſcoffe:
Thou ſhak'ſt the ſawe: we ſhake the danger off:
Thus urg'd thou ſtrik'ſt: we ſtrive to have our will:
Thou ſtrik'ſt again: we ſtrugle with thee ſtill.
At length, thou wound'ſt: we then begin to fall:
Thou wound'ſt more deep: we then dear Father call:
Thou hear'ſt our cry: we yeeld to thy command:
Thou burn'ſt the rod: we feel thy ſtreaking hand.

The prodigall Son.

POore silly Pilgrim, by deceit betray'd,
Thus from my Country, and my Father stray'd,
Where I in plenty might have been secure,
I here undone must slavery indure.

Oh heavy yoak intolerable weight;
Are these the chaines so gilded by deceit?
Which seem'd to proffer liberties so sweet,
But now become such fetters to my feet?

Poore captive thus in miserable need,
Whiles poorest servants of my Fathers feed:
Oh now how happy should I think my state
Were I but servant, where a Son of late?

But I for ever justly am exil'd:
But justice ties no Father from his child;
But I have plaid the rebell, prov'd no Son:
But rebells yeelding have some favour won.

The pitifull Father.

MY Son, my Son, repentant sighs are loud,
I heare thy voice, though from beneath a cloud;
No distance, place, nor darkenesse can deny
My speedy hearing when my children cry.

Tis true my Son, tis true I do confesse,
I might insult now thou art in distresse;
But thus to heare thee thus far homward brought
Doth banish all displeasure from my thought.

Returne, returne then, linger not the time,
Thy recantation shall acquit thy crime:
I do receive such losses as my gaine,
I take no pleasure to prolong thy paine.

Thou only beg'st to have a bondmans place;
I do not do my children that disgrace:
Then feare not, Fathers joy in such returnes;
Distrust disheartens where affection burnes.

The

The Authors Epigram.

MOſt gentle Father, pitifull indeed,
Thy heart is wounded when our hearts do bleed:
And yet moſt wounded then when thou doſt ſee
Our hearts ſo hard they will not wounded be.
We from thee run, thou callſt us back againe,
We are undone, yet thou doſt not diſdaine;
Thou giv'ſt that motion to return, we lack,
And yet with praiſe doſt crown our coming back.
Oh thou that doſt thus Fatherly reſpect,
And workeſt both the will, and the effect:
Make us more able to return at leaſt,
Make us more willing when thou doſt aſſiſt.
Thou art the potter, we are but the clay;
Thou art the Shepheard, we the ſheep aſtray:
Though we be vain, yet loſe not thou thy coſt,
Though we be ſtray'd, yet do not ſee us loſt.

The prodigall Son.

FAther, dear Father I would utter fain,
But feare doth that word Father dear reſtrain:
Father, I faine would have my grievance ſhown,
But oh I am aſham'd to make it known.
But it is fit I ſhould confeſſe the ſame:
But thou canſt take no pleaſure in my ſhame:
Thy greatneſſe doth in robes of glory ſhine,
Then canſt thou looke upon ſuch raggs as mine?
But why ſhould I theſe troubled Seas propound,
I ſayling in whoſe ſurges muſt be drownd?
Why feare I thus the fetters which inthrall me,
When thus my Father doth from priſon call me?
Thy call deare Father, cannot but ſuffice
To ſhake off all my ſhackls, bolts and tyes:
Then at thy call, which thus doth call for ſpeed,
I come to meet thee, truſting to be freed.

The pitifull Father.

VVElcome my Son, thrice welcome, i'ſt not meet
Thou ſhouldſt bee welcom'd with imbraces
Thou, who wert loſt, and now art found remain, (ſweet?
Thou, who wert dead, and art alive againe?
Long have I long'd for this thy ſafe return,
Whereat my bowells of compaſſion yern,
Why ſhak'ſt thou then, why bluſheſt being poore?
Thy feare is paſt, thou ſhalt have raggs no more?
Revive my Son, be cheerfull then my child,
And ceaſe thy ſorrowes, I am reconcil'd,
Oh let thoſe teares be taken from thine eyes,
They ſtir the Fountaine where compaſſion lyes.
Come taſt my dainties, I have choiceſt fare,
And ſweeteſt muſick to delight thy eare;
This is my pleaſure, I will have it done,
In ſpite of envy, for thou art my Son.

The Authors Epigram.

THou Father of all fatherly reſpects,
Whoſe pittie this, all parents thus directs:
What duty then, for this thy kindneſſe ſhown,
Is due to thee from children of thine own?
Moſt happy children, happy we, indeed,
Whoſe Fathers kindnes doth thus far exceed;
Who, when our follies, in our faces flying,
Returns us weeping, ſeekes to ſtill our crying.
Oh then how ſilly, ſenſles I may ſay,
Are we, if we from ſuch a Father ſtray?
Can all the worth, can in the world appear,
Make us ſet light a Fathers love ſo dear?
But then ſmall trifles, ſmall mine painted toyes,
Shadowes, of pleaſures, and but dreames of joyes:

Or ought detaine us, that ſhall labour for it,
From ſuch a Father? let us Sons abhor it.
Let us not, ſeeking, loſe our ſelves to gain
Such huſks abroad, and may at home have grain.

An Epitome.

FAther, I have offended, but alas,
Shame ſtops my voice here, will not let it paſſe.
Son, ceaſe thy ſorrow, let my joyes appeaſe thee,
Tis not thy teares, but thy return that pleaſe me.
Father, but canſt thou thus be pleas'd with me,
Who have thus ſin'd both againſt heav'n, and thee?
Son, this thy ſin is vaniſh'd, as lamented;
I take delight to pardon ſin repented.
Father, but ſuch offenders are too baſe
To raign as Sons, grant me a ſervants place.
Son, know my Servants are as ſons to me,
So highly honour'd all my Saints ſhall be.
Father then let me be for ever bound
To ſerve, where ſervice is ſuch freedom found.
Son, welcome Son, no bondman thou ſhalt be,
But ſhalt inherit with my Sons made free.
Free then, indeed, when the teſtator lives
To make that freedome certain which he gives.

To make that freedome certain which he gives.

BREATHINGS After DIVINE AYRE.

The third Booke.

The fooliſh man hath ſaid in his heart tuſh there is no God. Pſal. 14. 1.

Deſires of ayde.

MOſt gracious God, and yet a God moſt meeke;
Above the heav'ns, yet ſtoup'ſt to earth below;
Beyond our reatch, yet giv'ſt us leave to ſeek;
paſt our conceit, yet wouldſt have us to know,
To ſeeke and know thee as thou doſt appeare,
But further knowledge is not granted here.
As then we ought not to preſume to pry
Into thoſe ſecrets muſt be yet conceal'd
So thou haſt given us licence, yea a tye,
To ſeeke and know thee as thou art reveal'd;
Oh let me read thee in thy copies then
But ſtay my thoughts where thou haſt ſtay'd thy pen.
Thy largeſt booke is in thy works indented:
Thy leſſer copy in our ſoules ingraven:
Thy ſacred volumes are the Scriptures printed:
Thy ſecret lines are ſent by grace from heaven:
Which ſecret lines Lord center in my breaſt,
Thoſe are the keyes to open all the reſt.
I do confeſſe that I am much unfit
To pry into thy Myſteries Divine;
Beſides the ſtarres will not of ſparks admit
To ſoare into thoſe circles where they ſhine; (light
Though thou the Sun from whence thoſe ſtarres have
Diſdain'ſt not ſparks, but mak'ſt them burn more bright.

Oh

Oh then thou Sun, yea light it selfe, indeed,
Who dost not quench, muchles disdainst the fame,
The smoking flax, nor break it the bruised reed,
Turn thou my spark into so pure a flame
As may both warme my chilled soule within,
And burst out to the light of other men.

Thou dost confound things mightie by the weake,
Out of the mouths of babes ordainst praise,
Mak'st the unlearned, yea the dumb to speake,
Rejectest none but who rejects thy waies,
That hate to be reform'd; Lord helpe me here,
And in my weakneſſe let thy strength appeare.

Breathings after Divine Ayre.

EArth stand amazed, stand amaz'd and move,
And be you heav'ns astonished above;
A man, and yet no maker? hells abiſſe,
Yea tremble earth and heav'n, and helter this.

Superiour powers who fram'd this matchleſſe frame
This man, and form'd your Image in the same,
What fretting time, or what infernall powers
Have rac'd, or thus defac'd that worke of yours?

You made him holy, he defiles his race,
You gave him honour, he hath loſt that grace,
You lent him knowledge, he abus'd that light,
Yours by creation, he denies you quite.

Unhappie chance, unhappie change, alas,
What brought this most unhappie change to paſſe?
Who turn'd this perfect good to perfect evill,
But he that turn'd from Angell to a divell?

That hatefull, hurtfull enemy indeed,
Who whiles man slept, caſt tares amongst the seed,
Or rather only in that peece of clay,
Caſt tares, and stole the precious seed away.

Presumptuous theefe and enemy to man,
Whose hidious theft in heav'n above began,

He there aspir'd to steale from the most high,
And there most justly rob'd himselfe thereby.
For this his fact thrown down from heav'n to hell,
He lost himselfe, and maker as he fell.
And ever since, his restlesse selfe hath tost
To steale from man what he by stealing lost.
But silly man shall such a hatefull foe
Rob thee of God, prevaile upon thee so?
Shall hells black vapours so thy soule benight
To put out of thee all celestiall light?
But senseles man, or rather savage beast,
Canst thou thus at the God-head make a jeast?
The fiends in hell more fealtie declare,
For they confesse there is a God, and feare.
Oh horid, hellish blasphemy, or worse,
The damn'd in hell deny not God, though curse.
And such as here against him dare dispute,
Shall find hereafter hell will them confute.
But silly man, or monster of that name,
In mind a monster, though a man in frame,
Resolve this question, if thy wisdome can,
Is there no God? how came there then a man?
But here I know thou wilt to nature fly,
All things, thou saist, by nature live and die,
And natures force doth all conclusions draw,
Nature shall therefore be thy only law.
I grant in all things that created be
We may a power which is call'd nature see,
Which to such creatures is a law indeed,
Whose skill no other Dialect can read.
But thou who hast an understanding part,
And hast besides much benefit by art,
Sparks rak'd up in thy ashes of such light
As death, nor divell can extinguish quite,
Canst thou be grosser then the beast that dies,
Blind as the beast is, yet hast better eyes?

Admit no maker but ingendring power,
As earth brings forth the herb, the herb the flower?
But canst thou into natures secrets pry,
And canst not view a Deitie there by?
Earth may bring forth, but not create, fond head,
Can that give life which in it selfe is dead?
But here thou wilt, out of thy wisdome say,
There is, indeed, both dead and living clay,
The dead brings forth the creature dull and base,
The living doth produce a living race.
The sensles earth we may with safety grant
Brings forth the sensles grasse, the heard, the plant,
That living morter which is man by name
By generation doth produce the same;
Produce, I say, as instruments whereby
Creating power continues a supply;
God first, indeed, mans God-head to convince,
Made man of dust, but man of mankind since.
Man then was made, made not himselfe to live,
How can he then have any life to give?
Or if he hath we must subject it still
Unto the force of the Creators will.
But be it so, what can be granted thence?
That sensles earth, or earth indu'd with sense
Can out of their created substance frame
An other substance, or indeed the same.
This is but only to preserve, tis plain,
That which before was made, not make again:
Nor can the creature bring forth, as is said,
Without the help of a creating aid.
Thou mad'st not then thy selfe, nor yet thy Son,
Who did that work then which thou see'st is done?
Thou canst no just apologie invent,
Confesse there is a God then, and repent.
Thy soule, besides, though now inclos'd in earth,
Yet pure in substance, and of noble birth,

Cannot but at some time or other dart
Some heavenly rayes into thy earthly heart,
Which doth convince thy knowledge of thy errour,
And strikes into thy conscience such a terrour
As makes thee feele the power of the most high,
Which in thy heart thou dar'st thus to deny.

Were this too little at it is perchance,
To work upon thy wilfull ignorance:
Yet God hath further witnesses no doubt,
Thousands, he hath not left himselfe without
His word, and works unceassantly declare him
In such a voice that all the world may heare him,
His word reveales his truth, his works his glory,
All creatures being to confirme the story.

But here againe thy wretched heart replies,
Those works of wonder which no mortall eyes
Can see into their center, something pose
Thy desp'rate thoughts, thou stand'st amaz'd at those.
But for Gods word, though writ with his own pen,
Or from his mouth by heav'nly inspired men,
That suites not with thee, sticks not in thy brain.
Tush words, saist thou, they are but wind or vaine.
Thou can'st those rules, which we call Scripture, read
With no such trust to think them true indeed:
But mans invention so to keep in awe
Men which by nature stand in need of Law.

But dust and ashes dar'st thou make a tush
Which makes both Angels, and the heav'ns to blush?
Racing besides those truths which are ingraven
Upon thy soule by truth it selfe from heaven.
Prints of eternity upon thy soule
Are stamp'd by heav'n: canst thou then slight that roule
Which to thee reades eternity in print?
Is heav'nly fire so hidden in thy flint?
Thy flint, indeed: but when this powerfull word,
Which is more sharpe then a two edged sword,

Strikes

Strikes home upon thy flintie fould no doubt,
It doth force ſparks of heavenly fire thereout:
But leſt theſe ſparks ſhould burſt out into flame,
Thou ſeek'ſt by all meanes to put out the ſame,
Though making thus theſe heavenly ſparks retire,
Thou keepſt thy ſelfe unto eternall fire.

Againe this word, beſides the ghoſtly power
That reſts within that never raced tower,
The potent truth which hath ſo well been try'd,
With ſweet conſent and harmony ſupply'd,
That harbours in this heav'nly word is ſuch
As may convince thy marble heart aſmuch.

The truth indeed, that we may truly call,
One ſot whereof did never faile, nor ſhall
And did thy ſight not dazell at this Sun
Thou there mightſt cleerly read the ſame and run.

But oh! thou wretched Atheiſt that doſt find
The ſeeing Organ of thy ſoule too blind
To view the truths in ſacred Scripture pend,
Or wilfull that thou wilt not apprehend:
O reſt not under that Egyptian cloud,
Caſt not away the meanes of light allow'd,
But read the Scripture, to avoid that curſe,
Diſuſe of reading makes thee read the worſe.

Hadſt thou a heart could truly underſtand,
Or eyes ſet ope by faith to read that hand,
Thou ſhouldſt diſcerne ſuch wonders in that glaſſe
As nothing but a God can bring to paſſe.
The truth of this moſt perfectly appeares
By the conſent of paſt foure thouſand yeares:
Each Promiſe, tipe, and Prophecie fulfil'd
Do here of certain teſtimonies yeeld.

The ſeed to break the Serpents head was ſown
Three thouſand yeares before the blade was grown,
All humane hopes might then have been caſhiered
And yet at length a glorious crop appear'd.

God once drown'd all the mountaines here below,
But then above, in mercy, set his bow
To be a ſign, which hath been ſtill made good
That heav'ns no more ſhould poure down ſuch a flood.
Thus heav'ns, by Scripture, often times fore-ſhew
What by experience men in time find true,
That men in Scripture ſo may learn to read
Their Makers glory by his pen, and dread.
Again (beſides the truth that Scriptures carry
That in themſelves they from themſelves not vary,
Whereby they are with that perfection crown'd
Which in no humane Author can be found)
The loftie ſtile that ſacred Scriptures bare
Their height of birth and majeſtie declare
So powerfull, ſo impartiall and ſincere
As partiall man could never yet come neere.
Men deeply learned, and of higheſt wit,
Unleſſe inſtructed by this holy writ,
Write at the faireſt but with natures quill
Dip'd in ſome fountaine on Pernaſſus hill.
Their wiſdomes to no higher pitch can hover
Then principalls of nature do diſcover,
Imploys that agent which we Reaſon call
About no objects but meere naturall.
But ſacred writ that hath a further reatch,
That is tranſcending flies a higher pitch,
That came from heav'n, is ſpirituall, and here
Made by the ſpirit to us men appeare:
That conquers reaſon ſubdues natures Lawes
As far unable to diſpute the cauſe,
That is eternall, therefore ſent to try
That part in man which hath no power to die.
The Scripture only on the ſoule reflects,
All earthly objects it, as baſe, rejects,
The ſoule a ſpirit, therefore only fit
To read thoſe copies by the ſpirit writ.

This

This Writ from heaven then ſummons up thy ſoul
To heaven that Court which iſſu'd forth this ſcroule;
Glew not thy ſoule then too neare earthly things;
Hang no ſuch plumets on its ſublime wings.

Againe the Scriptures only have the art
To ſearch into the ſecrets of the heart,
They only can diſcover ſin, and prove
Upon the conſcience they came from above.
They only a beginning doe relate;
No humane Treatiſe of ſo ancient date;
They only have preſerved been, and ſhall,
Though ever, doubtleſſe, envy'd moſt of all.
And in them, in the ſacred Writ I meane,
As in a glaſſe is only to be ſeen
That perfect image of ſupernall might
Which can be viewed by no other light.

There is I grant it, in each humane frame
An eye by nature fixed in the ſame,
Which doth by nature beyond nature ſee
A pow'r there ſupernaturall muſt bee.

Which power no doubt hath deified been
From the beginning by the race of men,
Though moſt for want of power to underſtand,
Aſcrib'd that power unto ſome other hand:
As ſome to creatures like themſelves but clay;
Some to the Sun, as former of the day;
Some to the Moon, ſome to the Stars, yea know
Some to the prince of hell below.
Yet all to ſomething; thus the infidell
Beleeves there is a power that doth excell,
But ignorant of what it is, doth faine,
Or forge a God out of his idle braine.
Thus natures pen, by reaſons power, no doubt,
Doth point at God, but cannot point him out,
Doth ſhew a God; but what he is, or where,
That Scriptures only fully can declare.

Shall

Shall then a heathen a meere Infidell,
Who never heard of either heaven or hell,
Or dreames of soule, alone by natures view
Discern there is a God and homage due,
(Which is apparant all the world abroad,
All nations worship something as a God)
And shalt thou Atheist, dar'st thou all alone
Be worst of all men and acknowledge none?

Thou hast, besides the wisest heathens light,
Much greater aide, far cleerer beames of light,
Gods holy and eternall word by name,
Eternall in the nature of the same,
Where thou maist see eternall author find,
It only gives that sight unto the blind,
And this thou hast not, so to make thee pos'd,
As pretious oyntment in a box inclos'd,
Not only in the hidden letter teaching,
But open'd by the pow'rfull hand of preaching.

Canst thou not row them in this calmed eccan?
Sit'st thou in darknesse in this heav'nly Goshen?
Dar'st thou deny that Deitie which here
Doth in such perfect characters appeare?

Oh do not thou degenerate so far
To be more sordid then the divels are,
The divels do much forced duty shew
To holy Scriptures and do know them true.
Shall divels then unto the Scriptures bow,
Confesse and feare them, and yet wilt not thou?

Deluded Atheist be reform'd herein,
Seeke no such shadowes so to hide thy sin,
Because the Scriptures render thee unjust
Thou dost condemne them so to save thy lust.
Let not thy senses thus thy soule inthrall,
For lose the Scriptures and thou dost lose all,
Both soule, and body, heav'n, and God, yea loe
Dost likewise purchase everlasting woe.

Tis

'Tis then no marvell that thou art so blind,
Or rather desp'rate in thy carnall mind
That in thy fancy thou cast apprehend
No soule, no heav'n, nor pow'r that doth transcend.
How canst thou view these when thou dost in spleen
Reject the glasse where these are to be seen?
The Scriptures are Gods tapers set up here,
Extinguish those, no God will then appeare.

God, in times past, did oft appeare, I know,
In visions, and in shadowes here below,
But when the substance, his eternall Son
Once shin'd here, all those lesser lights had done.

Bright Sun, indeed, well might the stars give way
And hide themselves in such a heav'nly day,
A heav'nly day, when heaven it selfe we find
Burst through the clouds, came down to earth and shin'd
And yet we find this day at last did fade,
This glorious Sun at length began to wade,
And, from these nether Regions to retire,
Ascended to the circles that are higher.

Well might the world then here beneath lament,
And put on sackcloath weeds of discontent
Bewailing deeply that earth darking day
Which from the earth tooke such a light away.

This heavenly Sun now in the heavens again
Whose glory heavens cannot alone containe:
Did leave some rayes below, and now and then
Doth dart down more amongst the sonnes of men,
But all that light now of that heavenly taper,
Is set up in a lanthorne here of paper,
In holy Scripture all that light doth shine,
That is the lanthorne which gives light divine.

Then thou that sitst in such a sable night
That of this nature thou canst see no light;
'Tis doubtlesse cause thou dost not duly look
Into that lanthorn, use that heavenly book.

Wouldst thou have wisdome, have thy sight made cleer?
Thy heart made gentle, and thy soule appear,
See hell beneath, and heav'n that is most high,
Discern thy maker, and eternity?
Then use the Scripture, thy dim feeble sight
Is apprehensive of no greater light;
God knowes such secrets do mans sight surpasse,
And therefore wisely shewes them through a glasse.

A glasse indeed, the Scripture is most faire,
And more transparent then the purest aire,
Through which the perfect Images are view'd
Of objects in the highest altitude.

Presumptuous earth, because thou canst not see
By carnall reason how these things can be,
Thou dost conclude they cannot be in fine,
As if there were no greater power then thine.

Thou art a peece but of the Potters clay,
What can the peece unto the Potter say?
Canst thou suppose the brickle vessell made
As skilfull as its maker in his trade??
But were this granted, which were too too grosse,
Yet thou art vainer, at a greater losse,
All other creatures but the divells bee
The same they were created, but not we;
Thou art far weaker, worser, and hast lost
Much of thy Makers workmanship and cost,
Thy reason is corrupt, thy senses soyl'd,
Thy nature taynted, and thy soule defil'd.

Indeed in the perfection of estate
Wherein perfection did thee first create,
Thy sight was such thou stood'st not then in need
Of glasses, or of spectacles to read:
Thy apprehension was not then so weake
But thou hadst power to heare thy Maker speake
In his owne language, and couldst understand
Without the helpe of any second hand.

But

But long in *Adam* thou haſt loſt that art;
Like Lucifer in acting of his part;
He would have been, although in heav'n, yet higher;
Thou wouldſt, although in Paradiſe, aſpire:
He ſaw Gods face, yet that would not ſuffice:
Thou knew'ſt his voice, yet thou wouldſt be more wiſe:
He clyming, loſt the hight he had before:
And thou thy knowledge by deſiring more.

Canſt thou ſuppoſe then that impaired light
Yet in thy underſtanding part ſo bright,
As to diſcern thoſe objects as they are
Which did exceed thy better ſight ſo far?
Vaine man, as thou thy heav'nly reliſh haſt
So vainly loſt by a forbidden taſt;
Even ſo thy ſight; when by a finit eye
Thou fondly wouldſt things infinite diſcry.

To ſtand and gaze upon the Sun, although
The Sun gives light, yet dims our light we know:
And yet the beames which from the Sun do fly
They dim not, but give ſight unto the eye.
So if thou look'ſt, God as he is to ſee,
The more thou look'ſt the blinder thou ſhalt be,
His countenance doth ſuch a luſtre give
No mortall eye may ſee the ſame, and live.

Yet from his face, as from a Sun doth ſhine
Such radient beames and rayes of light divine
As gives us light, and ſo much as our vaine
And ſilly Lamps can of a Sun contain.

Then let thoſe rayes which in the Scripures ſhine
Suffice thy ſoule that cleereſt ſight of thine
Thou by his beames mayſt view the Sun ſecure,
Thy ſight can not the Sun it ſelfe indure.

Thinkſt thou by power then of imperfect nature
To take a perfect view of thy Creator?
Meere foole, indeed, thou mightſt by reaſon find
This cannot be, were not thy reaſon blind.

But couldst thou reason never so refine,
Did brighter beams not with thy reason shine;
Thou couldst not see what once thou mightst have done:
Much lesse what was before the world begun.

Yet such like thoughts in this thy silly vaine
And purblinde state doe now molest thy braine,
Thou but a drop which from the fountaines fell,
Wouldst to a fountaine in thy bubble swell:
Thou clim'st beyond the clouds, and think'st it fit
To be like God, out of thy mother wit,
Yea beyond God, and hast this thought accurst
If God made all, then who made God at first?
This being hyperbolicall to sense,
Thou trampl'st on inferiour consequence,
As Christ, and heaven, the soule and resurrection,
Because beyond thy sensible collection.

But thou whom night doth thus beset at noon
What say'st thou to the Sun, the Stars, the Moon,
And Heavens above? who made that glorious frame?
There is no procreation in the same.
They have, as very heathen do declare
Five thousand yeares remain'd the same they are,
Their like they in no likenesse have begot,
Like other creatures they ingender not.

Whence thou by sense must evidently read
They from themselves did never first proceed;
Yet made they be, 'tis manifest and cleer,
Those objects to thy very sense appear.

Then see the weaknesse of thy sense hereby;
And yet thy sense thy weaknesse doth descry.
Thou seest by sense the body of the Sunne,
But whence proceeding, there thy sense hath done:
Thou seest by sense such bodies formed be,
But by themselves doth not with sense agree,
This to thy sense some others skill doth preach,
Thou find'st by sense that skill above thy reach.

Canst

Canst thou by sense and carnall reason then
Thus prove a power beyond the power of men?
And cannot that same power of thee be thought
A God? observing what that power hath wrought?
Oh Sathans captive, labour to resist
That this worlds God, who thus hath cast a mist,
Breake through those clouds, and view a God above,
Thou dost by sense a deity approve.
View him thou maist in manifold respects,
Partly by sense, in part by his effects,
And then observe what holy Scripture saith,
And view him further by the eye of faith.
For these are they, and only these, whereby
That sun doth please to shine down from on high,
These are the casements set ope to our sight
Of heavens most glorious treasury of light:
We men below have no such licence given,
Or pow'r to take a perfect view of heaven,
Our light so feeble, and our hearts so brasing
We can but only pry in through the glasing.
But here perhaps, thou wilt this scruple move
Admit saist thou, there be a heaven above,
And in the same such glories as are said,
Though never yet to mortall eye displaid,
What though there be? what canst thou gain thereby
Since they are such as thou canst not discry,
Nor yet hast hope thou ever shalt do here,
Thou must goe further from them, not more near,
Death must of all men living make an end,
And men by dying rise not, but descend:
The grave at last shall be thy resting plot,
Where all things are concluded and forgot.
Why shouldst thou then disquiet thy selfe to gain
Such knowledge as will but disquiet thy braine?
But carnall scholar who dost thus confute
Thy very sense by sensuall dispute,

And as it were in malice go'ſt about
To bring the very truth thou know'ſt in doubt.
Canſt thou groſſe Sadduce thus ſeduced be,
Be yet thus blinded, yet haſt eyes to ſee?
Art thou in honour and becom'ſt a beaſt,
Or like the beaſt that periſheth at leaſt?
Conſider better, labour to diſpell
Thoſe fearfull miſts, they are the fogs of hell:
And thither thou muſt ſinke no means can ſave,
Believ'it not thou the riſing from the grave.

But thou ſhalt riſe, thou canſt not that defend,
Though but to judgement, and againe deſcend:
This thou might'ſt prove by Scripture moſt apparant,
Could'ſt thou give credence to that heav'nly warrant.
But howſoever thou doſt under priſe,
The powerfull truth in ſacred Scripture lies,
Yet God, diſputing with the divell, took
His arguments out of that ſacred Book.
He did by Scripture Sadduces confute:
He did by Scripture ſtrike the divell mute:
He did by Scripture firſt reveale his will,
And doth by Scripture manifeſt it ſtill.
And if thou only Scripture doſt diſdain
Doubtleſſe there doth no hope for thee remain.

God could have us'd ſome other weapon then
To overthrow the divell, and thoſe men,
But yet he pleas'd to uſe no other ſword,
Only to make us truſt unto his word.
Shall God himſelfe thus dignifie and grace it,
And ſhalt thou duſt and aſhes then deface it?
Oh truſt it further, and eſteem it better,
The power of God is printed in that letter.

Againe beſides the teſtimonies read
In Scripture for the riſing of the dead,
God doth convince thy error in this kinde
By ſundry means, yea in thy very minde,

God

God hath imprinted in thy very breast
Within thy ſoule, which ever ſhall ſubſiſt,
An everlaſting principall of right
Which can by no meanes be extinguiſh'd quite:
This principall is naturally ſtrong
In aiding juſtice, and ſuppreſſing wrong,
From whence it comes thou canſt not act a ſin
Of doing wrong without a check within.
Haſt thou done wrong then (as who hath not here)
Get'ſt thou not pardon for the ſame, 'tis clear
This principall, when thou ſhalt come to dye,
Will leave thy corps, and on thy conſcience flye;
Where it for ever reſtleſſe will abide
Till juſtice ſhall be fully ſatiſfi'd:
From whence there muſt ſome other place appeare
To right ſuch wrongs as are not righted here.
Beſides thou couldſt not ſure account it vaine
To be reſolv'd the dead ſhall riſe again;
Hadſt thou but ſo much happineſſe to ſee
How reaſon here with nature doth agree.
Search then by reaſon into natures book;
Run to thy mothers long made grave and look
If 't be not earth thou cam'ſt from, whence tis plaine
That earth which once did live may live again.
What think'ſt thou of thy riſing from thy bed,
Fore-tells not that thy riſing from the dead?
In bed thou doſt, in earth thou ſhalt but ſleep,
In both in darkneſſe, though in earth moſt deep.
Beſides when ſlumber doth poſſeſſion take
Of ſenſes, yet the ſoule is then awake,
The ſoule as it can never dye at all
So never ſleeps, though kept by ſleep in thrall.
God could have made us, when we were in making,
Have ſtood in need of neither ſleep, nor waking,
Had he not purpos'd by them to explain
Our ſleep in death, and life from death again.

The

The deepeſt darkneſſe of the longeſt night
At length doth vaniſh by the morning light:
Which ſhewes at laſt the reſurrection day
Shall chaſe the night of fatall death away:
The entercourſe of autumn, and the ſpring,
The winter, and the ſummer teach this thing,
When plants, by a viceſſitude, we know
Both live and dye, and dye, and live in ſhew.
And as the ſeed which in the earth is ſowne,
Like man it to its deeper furrowes throwne,
As dying, there produceth an increaſe:
So man doth but refine there, not farceaſe.

Much like the Phœnix, from whoſe aſhes breed,
As men much learned give us leave to read:
Another Phœnix to ſupply that roome,
By ſun-beams dooting on her lofty tombe.

But yet, if yet thy heart be ſuch a flint
That all this ſhewne takes no impreſſion in't,
But ſtill in heart thou ſay'ſt there is no God,
Though with thy tongue thou dar'ſt not for his rod,
Let me yet put one queſtion to thee more,
Yet to illuſtrate what is ſaid before:
What ſay'ſt to this then? ſith thou art ſo evill
To doubt of God, what think'ſt thou of a divell?
Is there, think'ſt thou, no divell, and no hell?
Thou maiſt deny them out of doubt as well,
For this is certain this from ſenſe doth flow,
No God above, no divell then below.

But this the groſſeſt heathen doe admit
They by experience and meer natures wit
Diſcerne a power beyond the power of men,
Which power hath by them ſtill admired been.

But in thy conſcience were not ſuch a ſpark
Why ſhouldſt thou be ſo fearfull in the darke?
Were there no evill ſpirits to be feen
What do ſuch feares then in thy fancie mean?

In

In times of danger eminent tis known
There's no mans heart more shaken then thine own:
Strange apparitions, gastly forms, and such
Strike trembling in thee nothing else so much. (sights,
From whence proceeds those hidious shapes, and
Those hollow voices, and those walking lights,
Which do so oft in darkneſse us affright,
But from the Prince of darkneſse in the night?
If this suffice not, but art still in doubt
I know no further meanes to help thee out;
Unleſſe that it were lawfull in this kind,
To run to Endor to suffice thy mind
To such as have some spirits at command,
Such could most clearly let thee understand,
Reſolve thy doubt, and make it to thee cleare
There are such fiends, yea make the same appear.
If all this be too little to suffice,
Then sure there is some divell in thine eies
Who keepes thee blinded that thou canst not see
Those certain truths which thus decypherd be.
But oh vain Atheist rest not in this state,
Nay rest thou canst not tis so desperate,
Then strive against it, exercise thy strength,
By use it may grow operative at length.
There yet is eye salve to bewray this mist,
If that thou dost not wilfully reſist,
There is a sacred fountaine set apart,
One drop whereof would molifie thy heart.
Despise not then those soveraign streames below
Which down do from that sacred fountain flow,
Those healing drops which on the crosse were shed,
Distil'd in Scriptures from the fountaines head.
Then bring thy heart, that cistern into frame,
And let those conduits run into the same,
That still thou mayst, by turning of the cock,
Such fearefull doubts, those brasing doores unlock.

Thy heart no doubt, in doubts the harder grows
Because the milk which from the Scripture flowes,
Which is most pretious to dissolve such flint,
Is not apply'd unto that Adamant.
At Scriptures breasts disdaine not sucking then,
There's milke for babes, and meat for strongest men;
There's meat for *Sampson*, sweet meat too, not gall:
And hony for the fainting Son of *Saul*.
There doth that tree of heav'nly knowledge grow
Which God hath pleas'd to plant with men below:
Another tree of knowledge shall be given,
More glorious too, but that shall be in heaven.
But further knowledge then is here reveal'd
The more thou seekst, the more tis here conceal'd.
And that no doubt, hath been a reason why
Thou dost those truths which are reveal'd deny.
There's nothing hid that shall not be made known;
But here's the height of thy ambition shown
Thou here wouldst to that height of knowledge clime
Which is reserv'd untill another time.
Thou here in all things much imperfect art,
And therefore here thou canst but know in part:
But when thy cloud of flesh be done away
Things secret shall be manifest as day.
But wouldst thou wisely harbour a desire
To view those secrets Angels do admire,
Then first beleeve, for God hath made it plain
We must beleeve before we do obtain.
Heaven is a dowery God hath to bestow,
Faith's our assurance of the same below:
Strive then for faith; thou hast a curious eye;
Nothing but faith can give thee full supply,
Faith in this vain and emptie vale I mean,
By faith possessing things are yet unseen:
That so in fine, when fruitfull faith shall cease,
Thou mayst in glory reap thy faiths increase,

In

In heaven in joy that height of joy, which here
Doth only to the eye of faith appear.
Yea foolish man couldst thou become so wise
As to beleeve a heaven above the skies,
And such a God, a gentle God therein
As for his Sons sake will remit thy sin;
Thou thither likewise should'st be rais'd in fine,
For there the faithfull shall in glory shine:
And those same hidden secrets which have bin
Thy tortures here, should most delight thee then.
The world to come, which here thou canst not view,
Thou there should'st finde unto thy comfort, true:
The God above, which here thou dost deny,
Thou there should'st see, and His eternity:
How God should be without beginning, here
Confounds thee quite, but there it doth appeare:
How spirits do subsist, and what they are
Thou know'st not here, but 'tis discover'd there:
And how Gods word should make a world: alas,
Such hidden things do humane sense surpasse:
But when that heav'n shall humane sense refine,
Or rather humane sense shall prove divine,
God with such secrets then will thee acquaint,
If here, by faith, thou wilt be first his Saint.
But yet, if yet thou beest a sleep so fast
That all this will not rouse thee up at last,
But still thou wilt be still a heathen swine,
Yet know God will be knowne of thee infine:
If here thou wilt not know him by his works
(A sin abominated by the Turks)
If here thou wilt not know him by that spark
Now rak'd up in thy conscience, yet his marke;
Nor yet wilt know him by the eye of faith,
Beleeving what the holy Scripture saith,
But dost this cloud of witnesses repell;
Yet God will make thee know him, though in hell:

Yea more then know, for thou ſhalt feel him there,
And in that den his Deity declare,
When divells ſhall torment thee, as their owne,
Becauſe thou here wouldſt have no God-head known.
Thus I have walk'd in an unwonted ſtrain,
Which ſome, it may be, will account as vaine,
As if I heare by ſome what went about
To bring a truth moſt manifeſt in doubt.
Who is ſo groſſe may ſome perhaps, reply
To make a queſtion of the Deity?
If there be none, why ſhould I now begin
To make a doubt where none before hath bin?
Indeed with us, where ſo much light doth ſhine
As if directly underneath the line:
With us where God ſo perfectly appears,
And as it were, hath dwelt ſo many years;
If there ſhould harbour any here ſo blinde,
So dead in ſenſe, and ſtupifi'd in minde
As once to harbour Atheiſme in thought
Therein moſt hideous treachery were wrought.
Yet ſith we finde that Scripture doth impart,
Which only can anatomize the heart,
That ſuch a thought in ſome hath harbour'd been,
Yea all men are by nature ſo unclean,
(Each heart by nature is deceitfull ſtill,
And every thought continually ill)
We doubtleſſe may, though to our ſhame conclude
That Atheiſme is in a multitude;
Eſpecially if duly we propound
How meerly naturall multitudes are found.
Againe, beſides our nature, which hath ſtood,
Since *Adams* fall an enemy to good;
We have another enemy as great,
Who hinders good with a more deadly hate,
The divell that arch enemy, indeed
To God himſelfe, to Adam, and his ſeed;

He

He seeks by his inscrutible an art
To steal no lesse then God out of the heart,
And to that purpose night and day doth spend,
Suggesting doubts and questions to that end.

By which with man he doth too much prevaile,
Else why did *David* in that nature faile,
Who was a man most dear to God we finde,
And yet the divell trap'd him in that kinde,
When he did almost in his thoughts complain
As if that he had wash'd his hands in vain;
From whence it must by consequence arise
God, for the time, was taken from his eyes.

Then if such lofty cedars may be shaken,
How may the shrubs be in that nature taken?
Poore creatures who have neither care nor skill
To frustrate Sathans working of his will.

Such fiery darts the divell dayly throwes,
And at our hearts he doth direct his blowes:
And I, for my part, cannot testifie
That any living scape them as they fly.

Only as aged *Jesses* youngest son
For safety did to sanctuary run,
Where he beheld the wound was hid before,
And eke got balme to heale his bleeding sore.

So when we doe the tempters dart discry
We may like *David*, to the Temple fly;
To reading, hearing, meditate, and pray,
Such fumes as those will drive the fiend away.

Or as old *Jacobs* children in distresse
When bit with serpents in the wilderneſſe,
By only looking on a serpents wing
Expel'd the poyson of that bite or sting.

Even so when Sathan, that old serpent stings
We may have healing underneath those wings
Which *Jacobs* children in a figure view'd,
To us a Christ, in their similitude.

Thus, as the divell daily doth belay
To steal our goods, to steal our God away.
God, that we should by no means let him go,
Hath left us means to circumvent that foe.
And hence proceeds that combate in our breasts,
The flesh consenting, but the soule resists:
But when the soule submits to carnall sense,
The divell then gets the preheminence.
And thou within whose bosome no such strife,
Or combate hath incumbered thy life,
The divell sure hath favour'd thee therein,
Or thou too much infatuated bin.
But thou that feelst no want at all of aid,
Or, at the least, of ought that here is said;
Yet doe not count this altogether vaine,
Ther's no such drosse but may afford some graine:
The troubl'd soule counts no occasion slight
That may assist when it is thus in fight;
What thou think'st bane, may be anothers meat,
Then what thou lik'st not, let another eat.
Though these be hearbs, nay weeds out of the wood,
Yet hearbs, nay weeds for many things are good,
I trust no Colloquintida is here,
No danger if thy stomack then be clear.

Lord.

Lord what is man that thou art so mindfull of him?
Psal. 8. vers. 4.

Desires of Aid.

MOst Gracious God, as thou hast lent thy hand
To move my heart, and to direct my pen,
In some weake measure thus to understand,
And make thee understood of other men:
God only, wise, almighty, pure, eternall:
Without whose mercy men must be infernall.
So let thy hand Lord, be outstretched still
To stir my heart, that most polluted spring,
That in that fountaine I may dip my quill,
And from that depth such secret matter bring
As to my selfe may make my selfe appeare,
That I may seek to make that fountaine cleer.
And as we all doe, to our comfort, finde
That thou of man hast ever mindfull beene;
So let my lines be moving in some kinde
That we, again, may not forget thee then,
But may for ever, as it is our parts,
Inthrone thee in the centre of our hearts.

Lord

LOrd what is man may well be ask'd of thee,
None but thine eye can that exactly see?
Thou gav'st him life, when thou hadst given him fashion,
Thou only therefore canst resolve that question.
Man peradventure, like a butcher may
Unmake those walls which thou hast made of clay,
Rip up mans body, open every part,
Take out his entrails, looke into his heart,
Note every artrie, conduit pipe, and veine,
And pry into the chamber of the brain,
Tell all his sinewes, crushes, bones, and finde
How every member is to other joyn'd:
Let this be granted, as perhaps it may
In some imperfect superfices way:
Yet what can man in this description read
Of what man in perfection was indeed?
Alas, in this man doth indeed no more
Then as it were unlock the little doore
Of some rich cabinet, which being done,
Doth finde it empty, all its jewels gone:
Where being frustate of his chiefe desire,
Finds nothing left but only to admire
The curious art about that little frame,
With lively forms, yet pictures on the same.
Even so mans body, that same heav'n device,
Wherein are lock'd up all our gemmes of price,
When cruell death once turnes his key about,
Unlocks the doore, and lets those jewels out;
Mans body straight becomes a trunke hereft
Of all its matchlesse treasure, empty left:
And nothing to the searchers eye remains
To satisfie his curious eye or pains
But only to admire the Makers skill
So wonderfull in working of that shell.
A shell indeed, we may the corps affirme
Which hath no soule, the soule a kernell tearm;

The

The shell a chest of curious art compos'd,
The kirnell is the treasure therein clos'd.
Then of what knowledge is he like to speed,
Of what man is, by taking up that leed?
Which priz'd ope once, by deaths keel pointed dart,
Mans soule flies out, which is his better part.
Physitians then by ripping up the dead
To view the body, when the soule is fled,
Can thereby doubtlesse, not directly see
At all times how the elements agree
In humane bodies, nor exactly tell
How humors flow, and hurtfull vapours swell,
When as the soule commanding in the lame,
Sets every wheel a working in that frame.
But say by this, and other helpfull meanes,
Whereon some learned wise Physitian leans,
He could at all times perfectly relate
The ever changing temper and estate
Of humane bodies, which no mortall can,
I am resolv'd is out the reach of man:
But grant he could, yet what were all his art?
Alas, but to discover man in part,
The least part, and inferior too as far
As is a sparkle from a perfect star.
The soule, indeed, that is the only gem,
In search whereof the clearest sight is dim:
Grave *Pliny*, *Galen*, *Aristotle*, all
That men for skill did most renowned call
In former times, were failing in this kinde,
Yea in this eye of knowledge almost blinde,
The rayes of this so dazled them, though wise,
The more they look'd, the more they lost their eyes:
Excepting *Cato*, and some other few,
Who were inspir'd with a more piercing view.
Nay what man living failes not in this kinde?
Who knowes the motions of another's minde,

Or pryes so far into anothers breast
To finde how his affections are at rest?
What endlesse windings occupie his thought,
And deep devices in his braine are wrought,
Which sinking to their centre, do convert
To secret resolutions in the heart.

Nay silly men, we are our selves so far
From self-discerning what we truly are,
Within our selves, that we can hardly tell
What is amisse in us, or what is well.
Our hearts in us are so deceitfull growne
We cannot search those bottomes of our own.

Oh silly creatures, silly sure at least,
Who beare we know not what within our breast,
Nay in our bosomes shrowd a serpent, which
To seem a Saint doth mightily bewitch.

'Tis then no marvell though we may complain
That our affections are exceeding vain,
Our thoughts, our wits, and all with folly haunted,
When all comes from a fountain so inchanted.
Deluded be we, out of question, must,
Who have a power within us so unjust.

A power indeed, most potent too, a heart,
Which nature makes the over-ruling part,
Which force doth sure sufficient battell give,
And more then we can conquer whiles we live,
Yet whiles we live we must be ever trying,
Though cannot fully conquer without dying.

Lord, what is man then? still we must inquire,
We are to seek still, raise our judgements higher,
How comes our hearts so evill and accurst,
Sith thou created'st all things good at first?
Or how come we unto our selves so blinde
That in our selves, our selves we cannot finde?
Lost we so much, inheriting of sin,
That by that gaine we lost our selves therein?

Prodigious act, in racing such a tower,
Prevailing so on thy creating power,
What thou hadst form'd, deform'd, and form'd again
A most deformed form, which doth remain.
God Al-creating, it was in thy power
To have restrayn'd that enemy of our,
Who wrought upon thy workmanship so far
As to unmake, and make us what we are.
But this was for our exercise no doubt,
That thou mayst crowne us when the field is fought:
Besides to make thy love appear the more
Remaking us more glorious then before.
Thou mad'st man sinlesse, subject though to slide,
But thou wilt make him sinlesse to abide:
Thou gav'st him here a Paradise indeed,
But thou wilt give him heaven which doth exceed:

Lord what is man then, man that dares to sin,
Of whom thou hast so ever mindfull been?
A world before this present world was wrought
Admired man was pretious in thy thought:
Pretious, indeed, in such a boundlesse measure
As if that man should be thy only treasure,
And thereupon determin'd in thy breast
To seat him highest, and to love him best:
Such wonders in that *Moses* face foreseeing
As pleas'd thee well before he had his being;
Wherein, indeed, was manifestly shown
Thou wouldst unite mans nature to thine own.

When, in thy wisdome, thou didst think it meet
To set that fore-known creature on his feet,
To give man form that little world to frame,
What preparation mad'st thou for the same?
What heart of man can truly on it ponder
And not be rap'd up in any holy wonder?

Before thou wouldst this wonder undertake,
Thou fell'st to working wonders for his sake,

Six dayes, almoſt, expired in preparing
Of wondrous things againſt this wonders rearing.
Thy powerfull hand, thy Spirit was imploy'd
By moving on a mighty Chaos, void
Of form or beauty; thence to draw by art
The dry and ſolid from the liquid part.
Both which thou having as it were given birth,
One part was waters, and the other earth;
Both which continue hanging in a ſort,
Unto our judgement, without all ſupport.
Indeed the waters do the earth ſurround,
Againe the earth is to the ſeas a bound.
But how this ſhould uphold that globe from fall
That doth exceed mans pureſt ſenſe of all.
But ere theſe orbes were fixed not to move,
And ſever'd from the orbes that are above;
Thou didſt ordaine that ornament of light
Creating day from a prodigious night.
In which thy wonder working hand was clear,
By making ſo thy wonders to appear.
For without light thy wonders wrought below
Had been but like the ſecret winds that blow.
But it did pleaſe thee to ſet ope a doore
To let in light where darkneſſe dwelt before,
And here beneath injoyn'd a pleaſant way
Of entercourſe between the night and day.
And further yet to furniſh thy deſire,
Thou yet mad'ſt greater lights, and ſet them higher,
And plac'd the leſſe in abſence of the Sun,
That night might not to former darkneſſe run.
Beſides for ſignes and tokens in our clymes,
As perfect rules diſtinguiſhing of times;
Nay further, by their fervor from above
To make the earth a fruitfull mother prove,
For till the Sun unto our regions come
And warms the earth, it ſeems a barren womb.

When

When thou hadst made the firmament thus faire,
Whose rayes come darting to us through the aire:
Extending severall curtaines, as the shrouds
Betweene the higher and the nether clouds,
That by a secret interposing way,
One element support another may.

When thou hadst drawne the waters here below
Into one fountaine, there to ebbe and flow:
And when thou hadst the face of earth made plaine,
And made its bark the bottome of the main,
Upon which sure and deep foundation lay'd,
The pillars rear'd whereon this frame is staid.
Thou then began'st to looke into thy store,
That thou might'st furnish what was void before,
Yea to make fruitfull and adorne that frame
Both to inrich, and beautifie the same.

Thou sayd'st unto the waters multiply,
Be fruitfull and bring forth abundantly:
Who hearing in their language, what was said,
Without delay most cheerfully obey'd.

Thou sayd'st unto the earth, then barren, beare,
The earth did, as it were, thy language hear,
And brought forth thousands multitudes and more,
Of creatures which were never seen before.
And to the ayre thy word did but proceed,
Let there be foules; and it was so indeed.

Lord what a large and wondrous preparation
Was this which was the spacious worlds creation?
To entertaine whose greatnesse was it than?
Alas, but for that little creature Man.

Nay, as if this had been too little still,
To manifest to mankinde thy good will,
Thou didst prepare a garden ready deck'd
With all the objects in it of delight:
That might seem pleasing, fruit delicious growing
On trees most fruitfull, streams most pleasant flowing,

Whose flowry banck, with flowers and roses set
Appear'd more glorious then the pearles in jet.
All this prepared in this heavenly sort,
Thou caldst this councell in thy heavnly court,
Come let us make man in our Image drest,
For whom we have created all the rest.
Thou took'st a peece then of thy late form'd clay
And form'd a man in a most perfect way;
And by a way can not be understood
That form converted into flesh and blood.
Thou only breathedst on his breathlesse face,
Which gave him life, and with that life thy grace,
Which was infus'd into that power divine
His soule, in which thy sacred selfe did shine.
His body was in such perfection made
That, till the Serpent did his soule invade,
It could not suffer any kind of wrath,
But had a power against the power of death.
But for his soule that was divine indeed,
In it thou couldst thy sacred Image read
In Characters which none could understand
So well as thee, because it was thy hand.
Within that center thou couldst cleerly see,
In one, the picture of thy persons three:
Three faculties within it representing
Three Persons in thy Deitie consenting.
As Father, Son, and holy Ghost agree
To make but one eternall God in thee:
So understanding, memory, and will
Make but one soule, and undevided still.
The understanding of it selfe, as prime,
The memory by knowledge got in time,
The will, and the affections lastly breeding
From knowledge, and from memory proceeding.
All these at first in *Adams* soule were pure,
And sparks which had a nature to indure,

Adam was in his understanding part
So holy, and so innocent in heart,
That nakednesse, and his conscience cleere,
Did neither shame nor nakednesse appeare:
His memory was unpolluted still,
Because his knowledge had begot no ill:
His thoughts, his fancies, meditations sweet,
And did not with the least disturbance meet;
His will, and his affections all were freed
From all corruption, as they might, indeed;
Those cisterns must with water pure be fill'd
Whose fountaines have no other streames to yeeld.

Lord, what a heav'nly harmony was here
When all these strings were thus in tune, and cleere?
Heav'nly, indeed, for thou hadst set the keyes;
Rare musick for an earthly paradise.

Again, besides this concord in his breast,
Which cannot be sufficiently expresst,
All things without him were at peace and stay'd,
The Lion, and the Lamb together play'd,
Each creature did with other feed, and sleep;
And all to *Adam* innocent as sheep.

All these thou gav'st him freely to command,
Yea all the world as it did blooming stand:
And bad'st him take, and eate, restraining none
Of all the dainties in the world, but one.
And that was no restraint to him no doubt,
His mind was so well satisfi'd without,
He had not then that motion in him hidden
To covet that most which is most forbidden.

And in this state that *Adam* might have stood,
He had a power to have restrain'd that good:
Only thou mad'st his libertie so free
That he might stand, or he might fall from thee.

But *Adam*, lo, he stood not long thus great,
Grac'd with a helpe too meet for his estate:

But

But that the divell all his force imployd
To worke upon the freedome man injoy'd.

The Serpent, Sathan, Lucifer that fell
Which heavens had cast out in a holy war,
Thrown forth for ever to extend his pride
At most no higher then the clouds do ride,
Who being downe into that chaos hurld,
Where out, at length, thou didst create the world:
And having fram'd that building by thy power,
Plac'd man as chiefe upon its highest tower.
This author both of envy and deceit,
Admiring *Adam* in his matchlesse height;
His rancor did with boyling envy swell,
He rais'd his powers and stratagems of hell,
And joyn'd them all for a most deadly fight
Against poore *Adam*, innocent and quiet.

But recollecting, as it were, his course,
Of seising upon *Adam* by force;
Perceiving *Adams* happinesse did lye
Most in his soule, which death could not destroy.
This deep impostor, and most subtill fiend
Dissembled malice, and would seem a friend,
And sought by faire meanes so to take away
Those pearls in *Adam* forced could not betray.

He sought to *Eve* first, due to *Adam* by her,
And tempted *Adam* whilst he seem'd to tye her:
His baite he unto *Eves* acceptance laid,
But *Eve* consenting, *Adam* was betray'd.
For Sathans force-craft aym'd at this event,
That *Adam* would give smiling *Eve* consent:
And by that meanes to bring them both in thrall,
Made one a meanes to make the other fall:
Oh! fatall means, and fearfull too, alas,
For by that meanes he brought his will to passe.

The bait he proffer'd to obtaine his suit
It was no lesse then the forbidden fruit,

Faire

Faire to the eye, and pleasing to the taste,
But strong and deadly poyson to digest.
The arguments he used to perswade
Were that they thereby should like Gods be made,
Knowing both good, and evill; which was true,
In part, for they till then no evill knew.
But *Adam* tasting, by the divels art,
That only fruit which thou hadst set apart,
And told him if he tasted he should dye,
Though Sathan did that certaine truth deny:
Adam did thereby instantly become
A slave to Sathan, subject to thy doome,
And conscious of his sin, and therefore said
He saw his nakednesse, and was afraid.
Afraid, indeed, afraid he well might be,
Made thus a bondslave, who before was free,
And not alone to Sathan, but to sin.
To his affections now defil'd within,
His senses, yea his soule became defil'd,
And all the streames that issu'd thence were soyld.
His understanding, which before was pure,
Became corrupted, earthly and obscure,
His memory, a nursery of store,
In which he treasur'd up contents before;
Became a tedious Register, wherin
His conscience did torment him for his sin.
His will, and his affections, which were just,
Became rebellious, and disorder'd lust:
His heart, where innocencie sat as Queen,
Became a cage of spirits most uncleane.
Yea every sence of his, which were before
Unto the Palace of his soule a doore
To keep in vertue, and to shut out sin,
Were then set ope to let that traytor in.
Which traytor, enter'd, struck with sin, as dead,
The whole man from the feet unto the head;

Who to thy foe thus being brought in thrall,
Lost both thy image, and himselfe withall:
Nay yet lost more, for by this cursed deed
Losing himselfe, he lost his wretched seed,
He lost thy image, lost thy love, thy grace,
He lost himselfe, his happinesse, and race.

Oh fearfull losse, and eke oh fearfull gain:
Thou wert depos'd, thy enemy did raigne;
Thy image lost, the divell put on his;
Heaven was exchang'd for hels most deep abysse.

Lord what a heavy, hidious change was here?
Lord how did man then in thy sight appear?
Lord with what patience couldst thou then abide
To see the divell so in triumph ride?
Or Lord what pity in thy bowels boyl'd
To see poore *Adam* so for ever foyl'd?

To see poore *Adam* thus undone by theft,
Thus of his jewells, of thy grace bereft,
Cast out by thee, of Paradise below,
And left unto the malice of his foe?
Nay foes, indeed, and a most potent troup,
The creatures all; who were ordain'd to stoup
At *Adams* beck, now in rebellion rose,
The elements they all became his foes,
Which were his friends, and all at peace before,
The winds to rage, the sea began to roare,
The fire to burn, and which of all is worst,
The earth for his offence became accurst.

Oh! *Adam*, *Adam*, though we may refuse,
As we are sons, our father to accuse,
Yet being wounded by thy deadly blow,
We cannot but lament thy overthrow.
Hadst thou in tryall not been overcome,
Though we thy seed, who should succeed thy room,
Had fallen, our fall it had been small to thine,
Thy fall as head, hath tainted all thy line.

Thou art our Head, and we thy members be,
Thou art condemned, how can we be free?
Had but a member only faulty bin
A member only should have dy'd therein.
But through the one, death reigned over all,
Death, by thy death, brought all to death in thrall.
Death temporall, that no mortall shall divert,
Death too eternall is our due desert.
Lord most immense in mercy, yet so pure
Thy sight can no pollured thing indure:
How could thy mercy and thy justice meet
In viewing *Adam* thus from off his feet?
But how can we thy mysteries discusse,
Whose wayes are so past finding out by us?
Thou, in thy wisdome, it is so divine,
Couldst make thy mercy through thy justice shine.
When thou, whose wayes cannot be understood,
Saw'st *Adam* thus pollured in his blood,
As, Lord, thy justice did his sentence give
Of death, thy mercy said unto him, live.
Sure 'twas the time of love when thou pass'd by,
For *Adam* only had deserv'd to dye,
That justice did injoyne; but live again,
Thy mercy only did that musicke strain.
Oh! heavenly musick, harmony most blest:
Thus peace, and justice, truth, and mercy kist,
Justice by death thus satisfi'd in striving,
Mercy againe thus answer'd by reviving.
But *Adams* soule did first to sin consent,
His body guilty as an instrument,
Could then the death of *Adams* body serve,
When *Adams* soule did greatest death deserve?
No, no, alas, that cannot serve the turne,
Although the body should for ever burne
In flames of hell it could not satisfie,
Thou hast pronounc'd the soule that sins shall dye.

Most gracious God, and great beyond conceit,
How could poore *Adam* beare this heavy weight,
Poore, feeble, fearfull, faint, and bending reed
Support a burden infinite indeed?
Here was, indeed, the depth of miseries,
Adam must dye; but death would not suffice,
His fact so foule, and infinite had bin
Death temp'rall could not expiate his sin.
Justice must yet be satisfi'd by dying,
Death temp'rall it could not be satisfying;
Adam must therefore suffer death eternall,
Or rather live a death which is infernall.
Lord thus we finde, and make confession must
Thy wayes are right, our condemnation just;
We thus behold thy streams of justice flowing
Most justly to our utter overthrowing.
But though thy justice seem'd to goe before,
Yet thou hadst mercy treasur'd up in store
To free those slaves that *Adam* brought in thrall,
That so thou might'st have mercy upon all.
Well may we say love in thy bosome burn'd,
And bowells in thee of compassion yern'd,
How like a deare and most indulgent father,
Or like a melting hearted mother rather,
Who when her infant hath receiv'd some harmes
Then most bemoanes it in her tender armes.
Even so thy goodnes did thy love bewray
In that thy mercy could not brook delay,
But in the instant, whiles the wound did bleed,
Prescrib'd a plaister for the wounded seed.
And mov'd with fury against *Adams* foe,
Who like a serpent had betray'd him so,
Not only for the present curs'd him for'e
But thence for ever made his chaine more short,
And told that Serpent that the womans seed
Which he had so much shaken in that reed

That it should unto such a Cedar grow
As should infine his Kingdome overthrow.
Oh! pretious promise drop'd from thine own pen,
Peace upon earth, and good will unto men,
Both oyle and wine to heale the wounded man
Drawn from that wounded good Samaritan.
Oh pretious promise, by which *Adams* wife,
Late of his death, becomes his means of life:
Oh pretious promise, and for ever sweet,
By which divided heaven, and earth did meet:
But Lord what seed, what heavenly seed was this,
Whose promise only could afford such blisse?
Seed heavenly? yea seed wonderfull indeed,
On which our fathers many years did feed
To life, yea unto life eternall, while
This seed, it seem'd was buried in the soyle.
But when this promise should become fulfil'd
Lord what a harvest must this seed then yeeld?
But when this seed converteth into bread
It must give life sure to the very dead:
This did exceed the Manna which was given;
This was the bread that did come down from heaven,
The bread of God, yea very God indeed;
Thy selfe, oh Lord, was promis'd in this seed;
A bread ordain'd before the world began
To save the world, to give new life to man.
And when the fulnesse of the time expir'd
Thou did'st fulfill what man had long desir'd,
Mad'st that appear in substance to be true
Which was before but shadow'd to the view.
But oh thou wonder-working God above,
Whose justice thus but amplifies thy love,
Who but thy selfe could have by searching pry'd
How mercy could have justice satisfi'd?
But who but thee could ever have been brought
To work a wonder as this worke was wrought,

That thou, whose justice did mans sentence give,
Shouldst, in thy mercy, die, that man might live?
And yet we do unto our comfort find
Thou, in thy mercy, wert to man thus kind,
Rather then mankind should for ever lie
In chaines of death, the God of life would die.

But, gratious God, how can this granted be,
Thou art a spirit, from corruption free,
The fountain too of life: if so, how then
Canst thou be said to dye for sinfull men?
Besides great God, if thou, as God, couldst dye,
Which thing we must for evermore deny:
Yet man from death could thereby not be free,
For man hath sin'd, and man must punish'd be.

Oh! foule polluting deadly sinful spot of sin,
That mankind should be so defil'd therein,
That God himselfe, and only God remain,
Might not forgive, nor wash away the stain,
No way but suffering would make full supplies,
Offended justice claim'd a sacrifice.
Man had no offering that would serve the turn;
Thou mightst not, but thy nothing heart did yern.

Yern, Lord indeed to see hells raging fire
But saw'st no sacrifice to allay desire;
And yet, that man for ever might not burn,
Thou didst prepare a body for the turn:
Because that man no sacrifice could find,
Nor could thy God-head suffer in that kind:
Thou didst unite by everlasting love,
Thy selfe to man to be his sacrifice.
Thy second person and thy only Son,
Begotten long before the world begun;
Who, scorning shame, through all hard danger ran,
Tooke flesh upon him, and was found a man:
A perfect man, and perfect God like wise,
And so became a perfect sacrifice.

As man, for man he dy'd, and lay as slaine,
As God, he conquerd death, and rose again:
A perfect man, without defect by sin,
A perfect God he had for ever bin;
His God-head, and his manhood both intire,
Yet joynd in one, one person we admire:
By thy decree, he put our nature on,
Our nature thus, excepting sin alone;
And, living guiltlesse for himselfe therein,
He dying, free'd the guilt of other men.

But being guiltlesse, death was not his due,
Indeed respecting of himselfe 'tis true:
But he became man onely to that end
As free, to free men that by sin offend.
But could the death of one suffice for all?
Yes, such a one as we may truly call
Both God, and man, yea God, whose sacrifice
All men, nay Angells cannot equalize.
If *Adam*, but a creature, could by fall
To bring all creatures of the world in thrall,
Sure the creating God, made man might free,
All mankind fallen in a more full degree.

A second *Adam* thus is truly found
To save the world the first in sin had drownd,
That as by one man, all men guilty stood,
Even so by one man all might be made good.

First *Adam* falling, dy'd because he fell:
The second standing, dy'd of his good will:
A free will offering unto him he freely gave,
Which by his free will had a power to save.

A free will offering, Lord, we truly say,
For of thy selfe thou hadst no debt to pay,
Untill it pleas'd thee to assigne thy Son
To pay mans debt, whom sin had quite undon.

Dear God that thou shouldst bring thy selfe in debt,
The greatnesse of it too should be no let,

Shouldst

Should'st binde thy selfe by promising a seed,
When thou before were absolutely freed,
Could not the greatnesse of the debt to pay,
Those flames of love within thy breast slay;
When thou consider'st in thy deep fore-cast
That it would cost thy dearest bloud at last?

Lord, what is man we still may aske of thee,
That for his sake thou could'st thus moved be,
That he which in thy bosome did remaine,
Should be a Lambe from the beginning slaine?

These secrets sure were hid from *Adams* eyes,
Had he knowne these he would have been more wise:
But we, poore wretched we that with him fell,
Do know, and yet we doe again rebell.

We know, and doe acknowledge as we read,
All this fulfill'd, which was before decree'd,
That this eternall Seed, thy Son is come,
By thee begotten in the Virgins wombe,
And by a way beyond our reach, became
Both God, and Man, a Lion, and a Lambe.

We know againe thy Scriptures testifie
How like a Lambe he did both live and dye,
How sinlesse, blamelesse, harmlesse, and demure
He did the malice of the world indure:
Number'd with sinners, and yet free from spot,
Smitten of sinners, yet he threatned not,
Led as a sheep, did to the slaughter come,
Yet opened not his mouth, but was as dumbe.

Where, like a Lambe, most innocent and free,
To cleare the guilty, must condemned be,
And to regaine our freedome by his losse,
He by our sins was nayl'd unto the crosse:
Where wounded with these soul deep wounding spears
Instead of a distilling floods of teares:
Heaven was let open, and its fountaines ran
With streams of bloud to wash polluted man.

Where

Where like a lamb, once offer'd up for all,
He drank not only vinegar and gall,
But dranke that bitter cup, which doth therein
The vialls of thy vengeance due for sin.
By drinking which he did asswage thine ire,
He quench'd the flames of everlasting fire;
And purchas'd heaven, to frustrate gaping hell,
And all for mankind, out of meere good will.
Oh! worke of wonder, can our hearts not quake
At this whereat the very earth did quake,
The stones did rend, graves let out men that slept,
The heavens above put out their lights, and wept?
We read again, when he rose like a lamb
Had finish'd that for which he hither came?
How like a Lion he began to wake,
Or how like *Samson*, he the cords did breake,
And did assume his sacred corps again
As one returnd with conquest from the slaine,
Who like a Lion joyfull of his prey,
He having took the sting of death away,
And made the grave a bed of sweet repose,
He rould away the mightie stone and rose?
And came and preach'd, by his now preaching birth,
Deliverance unto captive men on earth,
Yea in the earth; his rising from the grave
Of all mens rising testimony gave.
This Lion now of *Iudas* Tribe, as man,
Having fulfild his Priest here; began
To take his Royall Scepter in his hand,
As King to rule, as God to Kings command.
But, Lord, his body now was glorifi'd,
He might no longer now on earth abide,
His Kingdome was not of this world, not here,
His seat to reigne was in a higher sphere;
He must to heaven, into the throne of grace,
The earth is but his foot-stoole, and too base.

And having fully all thy Law fulfil'd,
Made death, the divell, hell, and sin to yeeld,
He did ride up triumphant in renown,
After his conquest to receive his Crowne:
Where thou hast crownd him with a crown more worth
Then all the richest Diadems on earth;
With heaven it selfe, and earth besides, with all
Those higher circles, and this nether ball.
And with this sceptre in his hand, as fit,
Hast at thy right hand him in glory set,
Where he remains exalted, and as God,
Doth rule the wicked with an iron rod.

But as he yet is God, and man, we read
As man, he yet for men doth intercede
To thee his Father, shewing of the scars
Which he received in his bloody warres.
And thus he hath a Priest-hood yet on high,
Though not to suffer, yet to sanctifie
All our oblations; and his saving Name
The Altar where thou wilt accept the same,
Together with his Person, where is kept
The forme of man into thy bosome crept.

Whose sacred body heavens must sure containe
Till in his Body he shall come againe
To judge the Nations, at the judgement day,
Which judgement hastens, though we men delay;
Where he will unbeleevers overthrow;
But on the faithfull he will heaven bestow,
Where they thence forward shall for ever stand
With palmes of pleasure blooming in their hands.

Thus, Lord, in part thou giv'st us leave to read
Not only what man is, but what, indeed,
Thou dost, and wilt doe for thy creature Man,
Nay what thou didst before the world began.

In reading which, although, unto our shame,
Our hearts remaine unmelted by this flame;

Yet this thy love makes Angells to admire;
And ſets beſides, the divells moſt on fire.
But gracious God, to moſt ungracious we
Thus good in a moſt infinite degree,
Do'ſt thou not binde us to thy beck herein?
Look'ſt thou for nothing from the ſons of men?
Shall we remaine as ſenſleſſe logs unmov'd,
Returning nothing who are ſo belov'd?
Yes, doubtleſſe yes, we are moſt ſtrongly bound,
The ſtronger too, the more thy love is found;
To yeeld thee ſomething for theſe gracious tyes;
Yea to doe ſomething for our ſelves likewiſe.
As thou for us haſt offer'd up thy Son,
For us ſo acting all that might be done:
So we are linckéd by the ſelfe ſame chaine
To offer up a ſacrifice againe,
Our ſelves, our ſoules and bodies whiles we live
To thee, who didſt both ſoule and body give,
To ſerve, to praiſe, to worſhip, feare, and love thee,
As none made equall, much leſſe plac'd above thee.
Thy love to us ſhould make our love divine;
Thy power ſhould make us fear no power but thine:
Thou art our God, and therefore unto thee
All divine worſhip muſt directed be:
We are exalted, it were then a ſhame
Should we not magnifie thee for the ſame:
Thou haſt made all things for the uſe of men,
Men for thy ſelfe, ſhall we not ſerve thee then?
That were too groſſe, all creatures in their kinde
Unto thy beck are readily inclin'd:
No creature like us are unto thee bound,
And ſhall we worſt of all the reſt be found?
Lord let thy grace prevent this ſoule defect,
The creatures elſe, will witneſſe our neglect,
But yet we owe thee one thing more then they,
Although in all things fails with them to pay:

And that is faith, which is a pearle more worth;
Then all the pearles and jewels else on earth:
A jewell which surpasseth humane art,
A gem in which the Angells have no part.
We for our selves, and for that boundlesse store
Thou giv'st us here, do owe our selves and more,
But for thy Son, and for the joyes above
We owe besides a faith which works by love.
Oh pretious faith, a fountaine long time seal'd,
A hidden manna, treasure unreveal'd,
Unto the world for many hundred years,
At leastwise as it unto us appears,
Who do injoy the object of our faith
Made manifest, as holy Scripture saith.
Indeed our fathers saw this day, 'tis true,
And what they saw, they did rejoyce to view;
Yet only through thy promises, whereby
They did but, as it were, far off discry,
Or yet more darkly as behinde a vaile,
In types, and shadowes, which were things to fail.
Yet being faith, though weak, it did suffice,
Thou bearing with the weaknesse of their eyes;
Thou didst accept of that which made them glad
Because the light was yet but dim they had.
For till thy Son came, if I may so speak,
Faith was an infant, and his sight but weak;
And heaven but as a shop shut up to men,
It's windowes were not halfe set open then;
Nay thou hadst very little knowledge given
For many ages of the name of Heaven;
The resurrection, and the world to come
These secrets were but shadowed out to some.
These thou kept'st close as under lock and key,
Reserved mysteries, clouded in on high,
Untill thy Son, that day Star did draw nigh,
From whom some day did by degrees appear;

By

By sending of thy Prophets to bewray,
Like cocks by crowing, a succeeding day.
Especially that Prophet who begun
To crow immediatly before thy Son,
John Baptist, who at breake of day was sent
To give the world a warning to repent,
And in thy mercy, let men understand
The Kingdome, yea of heaven was then at hand.
Yea heaven it selfe was then set open wide,
And all those types and figures verifi'd
Which were as vailes before thy highest frame,
Which shadowes vanish'd when that substance came,
That Angel of thy covenant of light,
Whose presence is a banishment of night.
Who comming in thy purest brightnesse down,
Our clouded orbes, with heavenly rayes to crown,
He brought thy secret lanthorn in his hand,
The Gospel, through which light we understand
The very secrets in thy court above,
Yea in thy bosome, in that seat of love.
And by this lanthorne which is so divine
That in the same thy very face doth shine,
He plainly shew'd us all that boundlesse treasure,
That Well of life, and streams of endlesse pleasure,
Which heaven hath stor'd up, and to us made clear
That he had bought them at a rate full dear,
And doth reserve them only to bestow,
Upon conditions, upon us below.
But what conditions doth he then require
For saving mankinde from eternall fire?
But what conditions doth he then enjoyne
For purchasing a Kingdome so divine?
Sure had he ty'd us to remaine in hell
A thousand yeares for this, it had been well
If we had then been crown'd with such a pay:
But see his love, who doth but only say

You sonnes of men beleeve in me and live.
Oh sonnes of men what lesser can we give?
The Law impos'd a heavy yoake on men,
And then said do the same and live therein:
But loe! thy selfe, Lord, who the Law didst give,
Sayst by thy Son, now but beleeve and live.
Lord, what is man now better than before,
That thou hast heap'd such mercies up in store?
For us poore creatures, or to speak more true,
Dost mercies to us every age renue.
At first thou gav'st us all this world, 'tis truth,
And when this world did flourish in its youth:
Thou now hast given us with the same, thy Son,
Thy selfe, and all that thou in heaven hast done:
All which by faith we claym our owne, whiles here,
But what we shall be doth not yet appeare.
Great God, thy mercyes are thy selfe no doubt,
Most infinitly past all finding out,
To us poore silly wretched sinfull men,
Who are as bad as ever we have been.
But what is faith, Lord, which thou dost thus place
Between us, and thy Covenant of grace,
As the condition whereupon doth rest
All our assurance, Lord, of what thou hast?
Can our beleife most glorifie thy name?
Or wilt thou be best pleased in the same?
Sure that is it, tis of thy meere good will
Which thou extend'st unto us wretches still.
Thou by our faith canst not advantag'd be,
We by beleeving are inrich'd, not thee:
Thou hast no need that Sacrifice be slaine,
But that the blood should wash away our staine.
Indeed by faith we set to, as is due,
Our seales to witnesse that thy word is true,
But all the praise, or profit else redound
From our beleeving, on our heads rebound:

We do beleeve because it is thy will,
But by beleeving our desires fulfill:
What thou commandest ought to be fulfild,
But we obeying conquer whiles we yeeld.
Most gratious God, what Lord is like to thee,
Whose Laws give life, and whose commands make free?
Well may we to thy statutes have regard
In keeping which there is such great reward:
And yet in all thy just commands injoynd,
This one of all, we do most easie find,
Which is our faith, yet this, of all the rest,
Most richly crownes us, and doth please thee best.
Dear faith, how deep are thy foundations laid?
Most glorious things may well of thee be said,
Could we but in thy nature perfect prove
The highest mountaines at our beck would move:
Through thee we see our sines are wash'd away,
To thee the very powers of sin obey,
By thee we are made heires of things above,
Yea have an intrest in the God of love,
And mounted on thy sublime wings, we fly
With boldnesse to the Throne of grace on high.
The fire, and faith agree in these respects,
The fire hath heat, and faith hath its effects;
Only the heat doth from the fire proceed,
Even so from faith do other graces breed.
Faith then is mother of each other grace,
Those not borne of her are but brats of base,
For till that faith doth sanctifie our hearts
Our highest vertues are but morall parts.
Faith, Lord, is then thy stampe upon thy coyn
To make it currant, and acknowledg'd thine,
Upon our graces, wherein thou dost read
The very Image of thy selfe indeed.
Lord melt our hearts then, which are else but flint,
That this thy stamp may therein leave thy print,

And

And make the worldling lusters of it bright,
For we can know it by no other light.
For as some precious roots within the ground
Can not, or can be very hardly found
But only when the springtime doth declare
Their secret lodgings by the fruit they beare.
So faith, that plant, implanted in our soules,
Growes so concealed from our sights, like moules,
That we want knowledge to discern that root
But by the branches, and the fruits that sproot.
Faith then we must have or we must lose all,
A living faith too, or else die we shall,
Faith's life appeareth by the fruit it beares,
It fruit appeareth, being grain not tares.
O pretious fruit, may that in us be found,
We have no cause then to suspect the ground:
Only it doth belong to us to weed
And cast out all that may offend the seed.

Conscience wounded with sin.

Psalme 38.

Mine iniquities are gone over mine head, as an heavy Burthen, too heavy for me. verse. 4.

My wounds stinck and are corrupt, because of my foolishnesse. verse 5.

I am troubled, I am bowed downe greatly, I goe mourning all the day long. verse. 6.

For my loynes are full with a loathsome disease, and there is no sound part in my flesh. verse 7.

I am feeble and sore broken, I have roared because of the disquietnesse of my heart. verse 7.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

Psalme, 42.

VVHy art thou so cast downe, o my soule, and why art thou so disquieted within me? hope thou in God.

Psalme, 103.

THe Lord is mercifull and gracious, slow to anger, and plentious in goodnesse. verse 8.

He will not alwaies chide, neither will he keepe his anger for ever. verse 9.

Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that feare him. verse 13.

For hee knoweth our frame, he remembreth we are but dust. verse 14.

Desires of Aid.

THou good Samaritan, thou God of art,
Good by thy readyneſſe, God by thy skill,
In powring Oyle, and wine into the heart
That ſin hath wounded; oh direct my quill
That in that beſt experience, ſence of feeling,
I may diſcover both the wound, and healing.
We are the wounded Travellers indeed,
But thou art wounded with compaſſion more;
Our wounds do make thy wounded heart to bleed,
Thy blood applyd doth heale our bleeding ſore:
Oh pretious balme! oh let it be applyd,
And let my hand be, by thy help, a guide.

The Conſcience wounded with ſin.

OH, my mine iniquities my ſin, my ſin,
Too heavy for me, oh I ſinck therein;
It doth go over as it were my head:
Intolerable burden, no ſuch lead:
My wounds are putrifi'd, corrupt and ſtinck,
My fooliſhneſſe is ſuch; my teares I drink:
Troubl'd and preſſed with the weight I beare,
All the day mourning, never free from care;
My loynes are fil'd with loathſomneſſe, beſides
There is no ſoundneſſe in my fleſh abides:
My conſcience roares within me, and the ſmart
Torments me with the anguiſh of my heart.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

BUt why art thou thus caſt down, oh my ſoule?
Why doſt thou not thoſe fearfull doubts controull?
Why art thou thus diſquieted in my breſt?
Oh, truſt in God, returne unto thy reſt
The Lord, the Lord, is merciſull and kind,
Moſt ſlow to wrath, and to forgive inclin'd;

Although

Although offended, doth not alwaies chide,
His anger doth but for a ſpace abide.
Like a moſt tender Father to his childe,
So is he pitifull, and much more milde;
For he conſiders where our frailty lyes,
And therefore bears with our infirmities.

The Authors Epigram.

Conſcience, oh conſcience how comes this to paſſe?
Canſt thou be wounded, and yet arm'd in braſſe?
Yea in a habit far more hard then ſteel,
A conſcience ſeared hath no ſenſe to feel.
But can ſin wound thus, hath it ſuch a dart,
Yea wound thus deeply, pricking at the heart?
Oh cruell weapon, can it thus indent
Through braſſe, through ſteel, yea through this adamant?
And yet ſin works not thus upon the ſoule
That it would conſcience in the act controll,
But rather rock the conſcience moſt aſleep
When, like an aſpe, it makes the wound moſt deep.
Then, there is nothing can do conſcience good
Till it be ſprinkled with diſſolving blood;
But then each motion that doth ſin apply
Doth wound the conſcience and doth terrifie.

The conſcience wounded with ſin.

ALas, alas, the ſoule that ſins muſt die,
So Scriptures tell me, can the Scriptures lie?
No, no, the Scriptures never can be broken
No word ſhall fail that is in Scripture ſpoken.
Oh, then what comfort can remaine for me,
How ſcapes my ſoule, my ſinfull ſoule then free?
For I have ſin'd, and ſin to death betraies,
Death is the wages that hard maſter payes.
Inviolable word of God herein,
Moſt miſerable wretch that I did ſin:

Most wretched slave that such a Master hath!
Most cruell wages, oh eternall death.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

WHy will you dye? thus doth our Father call;
When I delight not in your death at all?
Why will you dye then? Oh returne and live,
I pardon sin, and freely doe forgive,
My mercies please me, I delight remorse;
But justice comes forth by constraint and force.
Beleeve and live, this God the Son hath brought us;
And by his death, from death eternall bought us:
He paid our ransome, and doth to us cry
He that beleeves in me shall never dye:
He trode the winepresse of that bitter grape,
And drank the dregs off, that we might escape.

The Authors Epigram.

THe soule that sins shall dye, so Scripture saith,
And Scripture is our evidence of faith,
Against the Scripture evidence doth give
That such a soule as doth beleeve shall live.
Is then beleeving in our Saviour dying?
Or is his death made our death by applying?
How can the Scriptures here be reconcil'd,
Can we both save the parent, and the childe?
Surely Gods justice must be fully pay'd,
But see Gods mercy how the debt is laid,
Man is ingaged, man is quite undone,
God, to redeem man, layes to pawne his Son.
But man hath sin'd, can God then satisfie?
Yes, God for man doth become man and dye,
Whose guiltlesse death to guilty man apply'd
Is more then if that all the world had dy'd.

The conscience wounded with sin.

BUt yet I am not satisfy'd, alas
My soule hath sin'd, how can it come to passe
Anothers soule should set my soule then free,
What can another's death be unto me?
When Scripture doth directly testifie
The soule that sins, that very soule shall die?
Besides, my sins they are exceeding great;
Nay more, I feare my sins are desp'rate,
I have been such an enemy to heaven
That I suspect I cannot be forgiven,
I faine would beare up, but this beats me downe,
This milstone sincks me, oh it makes me drown.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

BY the first *Adam* all are bound to dye;
What there was lost, the Second doth supply:
In the first *Adam* soule and body slain:
But in the Second both made live again:
For in our whole man Christ hath fully paid
What can be unto soule or body laid.
Can then the greatnesse of mans sinning let
When God himselfe hath undertooke the debt?
No, be the bill ingaging us most large,
Yet, having faith, we need not fear discharge:
For as in *Adam* all condemned be
Even so in *Christ* are all by faith made free.

The Authors Epigram.

OLd Adam *falling all men fell therein.*
Because that all men were in Adam *then:*
Christ *our new* Adam, *to renue old man,*
Within our natures a new birth began.
By which new birth we are new borne indeed,
We in this nature, are new Adams *seed,*

Begotten in him as the Scripture saith
In him we live, we move, and dwell by faith.
By faith, indeed, for without faith we dye,
within this field doth all our treasure lye:
Through Adams sin we by deceyt are slaine
But through new birth we live in Christ again:
Besides, in Christ we were condemn'd and dy'd,
He in our whole man all our wants supply'd.
Nor yet is justice in this nature crost
If one man saves as much as one man lost.

The conscience wounded with sin.

BUt oh, my conscience is not yet at rest,
Sin yet doth wound me, it doth yet molest:
What though it were so that all mankinde be
By Christ from sin originall set free,
And so our second *Adam* doth restore
What our first *Adam* set upon our score?
Alas, this cannot conscience free from care:
I have a load of actuall sin to beare;
What though I once were drest in cleane attire?
I have return'd to wallowing in the mire:
My actuall sin is more then *Adams* curse,
Condemnes more strongly, and torments me worse.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

MIsguided conscience be informed better,
Our father *Adam* was a greater debter;
As he was guilty of our root of sin,
So of the branches that take life therein,
That, were his score not by another paid,
All sin might justly to his charge be laid.
Even so our second *Adam* hath made good
All whatsoever can be understood
Was lost in *Adam*, and hath charged him
Both with the root and branches of our sin:

And

And given for all sin a discharge, although
All sinners have not their discharge to show.

The Authors Epigram.

OH subtill Serpent, how could he invent
One should be charg'd with all mens punishment,
And yet not one man thereby have redresse,
Alas, not one mans punishment the lesse.
But loving Father who hast sent thy Son
To undoe all this hatefull foe hath done,
Thy wisdome doth his subtilty exceed,
Making him only guilty, mankinde freed.
Freed by the freedome that thy Son hath wrought;
The price whereby he hath our freedome bought
Is sure sufficient fully to acquit
All sin in mankinde, mankinde can commit.
The reason then that any man is lost
Is not the want of a redeeming cost,
But only the redeemed are too blame
Not getting their assurance of the same.

The conscience wounded with sin.

DOth Christ discharge this debt that man did owe,
Oh blessed Christ, but on condition though.
Though Christ be in this obligation ty'd
Yet tis but on conditions on our side,
If we performe not the condition then
The bond is void, and we are undone men.
What is it then to me though Christ be bound
If the condition be not in me found?
Oh what is this condition? I am fraile,
I feare I shall in this condition faile;
My conscience tells me I am still ingag'd,
How shall my conscience be herein asswag'd?

Oyle,

Oyle, and wine poured in.

BLest Christ indeed, we may most truly say,
Thus bound for us so great a debt to pay,
Yet on our part so little doth require,
And yet that little likewise doth inspire,
Sure sweet condition, easie to fulfill
Where meanes doth furnish to discharge the bill.
Easie, indeed, what can more easie be
Then to beleeve that Christ hath set us free?
And yet as easie as it is we find
This our condition doth no harder bind;
Nay he that binds us in this golden chain
Doth give the thing too he requires again.

The Authors Epigram.

OH blessed Saviour what couldst thou do more,
Who to inrich us mad'st thy selfe as poore?
And to requite thee, whence the Millions came
That did redeeme us, dost accept a dram.
And yet that dram too which thou dost demand
Drop'd from thy fountain, falls into our hand,
Thou hast not only easie payment set,
But fillst our purses to discharge the debt.
Oh froward mankind, shall we fooles thou gruich
To pay so little, to receive so much?
Shall we make forfet, all we have betray
Because we will not a poore homage pay?
Faith is but as our fealtie here done
To hold our right by in our Fathers Son,
In Christ who is our purchaser from thrall,
Our right, our Portion, Righteousnesse and all.

The Conscience wounded with sin.

OH blessed faith, art thou with God so great,
Doth he esteeme thee at so dear a rate?

Blit

But wretched I alone, and of all woe blame
Who have been so respectlesse of the same
That I, poore earthworm, never understood
This heavenly jemme, or how it should do good.
Alas I thought it but a fruitlesse grace
Which idle Christians only did imbrace,
I could no beauty in this *Rachel* see,
But blear-eyd *Lea* seem'd as fair to me:
And therefore it is justly me injoynd
If I, for faith now, do meer fancie find.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

THe slighting faith we must a fault confesse,
But if it be through ignorance the lesse;
God winks at times of darknesse, though indeed,
We are not thereby absolutely freed:
But when the glorious Sun-shine doth apear
What can excuse us if we see not cleer?
No just excuse can here excusing be,
And yet the Sun we often clouded see:
So though our Sun hath chas'd our night away,
Yet we have cloudes still to obscure our day,
Our cloud of folly makes our faith retire;
Yet find we smoke though it do argue fire.

The Authors Epigram.

THree clouds on mankind do like mists benight,
And keep some blinded in the very light,
First ignorance, then carelesnesse, the third
Is obstinately to reject the word.
The first is most excusable of all:
The second binding to a harder thrall:
The third exceeds all, and is sinfull most,
If not the sin against the holy Ghost.
Where meanes is wanting saving faith to find.
We must not judge there though they yet be blind;

For God elects, and then doth faith foresee,
Else how could fooles and infants saved be?
Againe, some loyter while they have the day,
And yet ere night do labour, and have pay:
But such as in the vineyard, being pray'd,
Will never labour, shall be never paid.

The conscience wounded with sin.

BUt wretched I, what can I doe herein?
How can I labour, I am dead in sin,
Can dead men work? I hear indeed the call,
But can but hear it, cannot work at all,
No worke but dead works, God doth such despise,
He doth delight a living sacrifice.
I doe confesse I faine would work indeed,
Fain would believe, I fain would learn that creed;
But oh my sins, my sins are in the way
My sins doe still my confidence betray,
I faine would faith unto my selfe assume,
But sin prevents me, tells me I presume.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

FAith is, tis true, the gift of God we read,
God doth both worke the will, and eke the deed:
Faith in this nature is an easie taske,
We can doe nothing for the same but aske;
The only labour now impos'd on man
Is to discerne, and cherish faith began.
Is faith Gods gift? then let us bear up still,
He can bestow that dowry when he will;
Nay faith already may infused be
Though scarce discerned in a small degree:
Then, though we build not Castles in the ayre,
Yet we, of all things, are not to despair.

The Authors Epigram.

AS faith doth point at things yet unreveal'd,
So faith it selfe lyes in it selfe conceal'd.
And may be long time in the heart, no doubt,
Before we truly finde that sewed out.
Besides our sins doe much obscure that light,
And cast a mist before our feeble sight,
Yea every sin, when faith would else aspire,
Doth helpe to keep down, if not quench that fire.
Sin is, indeed, faiths enemy profest,
And the more sin, the more is faith supprest;
But when that faith doth once by force command,
Sin then doth yeeld, faith gets the upper hand.
Faith for a time, may as it were obey,
But in the end faith atwaies gets the day;
And as faith prospers, by degrees gets strength,
So sin growes feeble, pines, and dyes at length.

Conscience wounded with sin.

BUt must sin dye, and by degrees surcease
Where faith doth live, as faith doth force increase?
Oh wretched creature! how shall I do then?
I feel, alas, no death, but life of sin,
Sin strives as much as ever heretofore,
Or rather strugles in my bosome more.
I doe confesse I feel my soule distrest,
And faine would feel sin in my soule supprest:
But when I labour to restrain the same
It growes inraged, is the worse to tame.
Oh sad condition, oh my soule sincks here,
Are there no other signs of faith appear?

Oyle, and wine powred in.

NO signes but such, and yet soule sinck not though,
Sin must be kill'd but dyes not at one blow;

Sin in our natures will us battell give,
Though dying, whiles we doe in nature live;
But sin is, mostly, sure most wounded when
It flies on conscience, most tormenteth men.

Are then our conscience, through our sins unquiet,
Sin then, and faith sure are in us at fight;
If sin within us no resistance found,
Sin in our conscience would delight, not wound.
And thus by signes we secret faith may see
Which without signes cannot discerned be.

The Authors Epigram.

Faith is, indeed, our tree of life below,
Which tree we only by the fruit can know:
Would we know then if we have faith, or no,
The root lies hid, we to the fruit must goe.

The fruits are feeling first sins wounding dart,
Next a compunction in the wounded heart:
From whence proceeds a diligence with speed
To get a balsome for these wounds that bleed.

The other fruits that fruitfull faith doth beare
Are ever after to be arm'd with care,
With zeale, and wisdome to resist that foe,
Who, at advantage, had deluded first.

From whence proceeds a hatred unto ill,
Desire of vertue, and delight therein,
All mens endeavouring that my aid supply
To make faith lively, and make sin to die.

The Conscience wounded with sin.

O Hblessed faith! are thou the root indeed?
Oh would I could with blessed *Job* then read,
Thee grounded in me: springs doe testifie,
Though through high mountains that they have supply;
The fountaine will be falling: and the root
It will be filling, forth will branches shoot.

I feele, indeed, some drops of vertue flow,
And beare some leaves too, which doe make a show:
But oh my conscience cannot so be quiet,
Such signes are frequent in the hypocrite:
But sin dissembled under grace is worst,
The tree which beares but only leaves is curst.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

FAith is the fountaine whence all graces flow,
Faith is the root whereon those branches grow,
And faith gives life, though it may lye as hid,
To all our actions, or they else are dead:
For Christ, in whom all fulnesse doth excell,
If we have faith, by faith doth in us dwell.
Whether our actions though be leaves, or fruit
None but our conscience truly can dispute,
Whether the action from the heart proceeds
None but the conscience that rare language reads:
But when the conscience hath true knowledge gain'd,
That then is fruit which conscience finds unfain'd.

The Authors Epigram.

MIsguided mankinde, whither have we gone
To set up merit in our makers Throne?
Faith is in Christ, and Christ in faith, why then
Disdaine we faith, adore the works of men?
Sin is the old man, wretched and forlorne,
Begot in Adam, *in our natures horne.*
Christ is the new Man, by a second birth,
Through faith conceived, and by grace brought forth.
Grace flowes from faith, and faith in Christ began
Both those united make but one new man,
And then most blest, and not till then we are,
When in our soules we feele this infant stir.
Would we then prove this new man to be ours,
We sure must prove it by renewing powers,

We must be new men, must have new desires,
New strength, new life, new flames of sacred fires.

The Conscience wounded with sin.

BUt is it certain as this tenet saith,
Hath each man in him, that hath saving faith,
Such a new creature as is Christ indeed?
Then which way shall we those same Scriptures read
Christ is ascended into heaven: again
The heavens must hold him, yet must him contain?
But if it be so that this new man must
Abide in all men that by faith are just,
Oh then I feare me I am barren still,
Or faith is in me yet but in the shell;
I find some motions now and then, indeed,
But prove but motions, nothing doth proceed.

Oyle, and wine poured in.

WHere faith is Christ is, it must needs be so,
The spring doth always from the Fountain go:
Christ is the Fountain, faith the spring distild,
We with the Fountain, by the spring are fild:
Besides the Scriptures in this case are rife,
Is Christ not in us, we have then no life.
But life, we know, admits degrees therein,
So life of faith, as sound, or sick of sin:
Diseases do the strength of nature breake;
If sin distempers, faith is sick or weake:
But sure so long as motion doth remain
There yet is life, and may be health again.

The Authors Epigram.

BUt in what nature, if you ask of me
Can Christ, that new man, in us dwelling be?
Sure chiefly as he is a God to guide;
As he is man he doth in heaven abide.

Yet in our natures what he did below
Doth from his fountaine, to our fisternes flow:
As he is God, his presence we possesse,
As he is Man, we do by faith no lesse.
As Man, he did the debt of mankinde pay
As God, he purchas'd a man a heavenly stay:
But both made ours by imputation,
Faith, the condition, he preserv'd in man.
Our debt is paid then, and our purchase bought,
Our Father for us nothing left unwrought,
Only on our part the condition rests,
Believe in Christ, and be imputed ours.
Blest imputation, and condition great,
Blest creature, where these Relatives do meet.

The conscience wounded with sin.

ALL saving faith, yet without saving power,
But as it claims Christ for a Saviour.
But here I sigh, alas, my sight is blinde,
Faith is a secret lyes full deep to finde.
Nothing but signes and its effects appear,
My sight may quickly be deceived here.
Leaves may delude, though they be fresh and green,
Fruit hath been wanting where such leaves were seen.
Indeed my heart doth proffer me this bait
That my endeavours are without deceit;
But here I tremble, I am sore afraid
My conscience should be by my heart betray'd.

Oyle, and wine powred in.

THe heart of man, unsanctifi'd, tis sure
Is above all deceitfull and impure:
But such a heart as doth in sin delight
Awakes not conscience, but would keep it quiet;
If then the conscience be afraid to sin
Faith, out of question, did that fear begin.

The

The hypocrite doth all he does for shew:
The man sincere doth no such trumpet blow:
Doth sin in secret then the soule afright?
Doth prayer in secret give the soule delight?
Are all good duties in the doing sweet?
Then doubtlesse faith gives motion to those feet.

The Authors Epigram.

ALL holy duties then we must frequent,
Faith, to our knowledge hath no other vent,
Those are the fruits of fruitful faith: then where
Those fruits appear not, how can faith be there?
Necessity is then upon us laid
To us good duties, faith is else betray'd:
We must be zealous both to heare and pray:
How dare some then cast blocks in such a way?
Zealous, indeed, what ever else is done
Is but like empty shadowes of the sun,
Empty indeed, and when we come to try them
They prove like smoake, we finde no comfort by them.
Then in good duties we must labour still,
To draw some matter from them that may fill,
Some sweetnesse, and some comfort in them finde,
Or else we vainly do but beat the Winde.
And yet we must good duties do, although
We yet finde nothing in the same but shew,
Because God hath appointed them a way
Through which, like conduits, he doth grace convay.

FINIS.